THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE OLD CLOCK

BY T. T.

The old clock still keeps honest time,
The old wheels still run true;
As shrill and cheery sounds its chime
As when its case was new.
These eighty years on that old pair
Have left their wrinkling trace,
But not one scrawl of time is there
Upon the old clock face.

Pride of their cottage plenishing
When he and she were wed,
It took its stand, with tell-tale hand
Beside their marriage bed.
It set the time of death and birth
To an unvarying song.
Nor changed, as hours of joy or mirth
Passed, swift or slow, along.

Each week 'twas cleansed from stain and soil,
And wound with pride and care—
The mark between six days of toil,
And one of rest and prayer.
And in their eve, as in their prime,
That rite is still gone through,
As carefully as if with time
Their age had still to do.

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE," "JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 17, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

The savages sprang from the cover and rushed upon the scouts. The latter met them with clubbed rifles.

CHAPTER VII.

CLOUDS GATHERING.

The exclamation of Miss Amberly had reached all ears upon the island. Jack Gray quickly turned, catching sight of the drifting boat just as the savage flung himself into it.

The scout raised his rifle with a half intention to fire at the whooping redskin. But the latter was too far distant for a safe shot, and sank out of sight in the boat before the trigger could be touched.

Phil was by his side in another instant. No question was needed to discover what had happened, a glance revealing the full extent of their misfortune.

The scouts looked at each other a moment in silence—an irate and troubled look.

"Did the red devil swim over like a fish, with his head under?" broke out Jack, in a deeply vexed voice.

"No living man crossed that water for the last hour," said Phil, in a settled voice.

"Then how in the thunder did the yelling hound get here? It beats me dead," cried Jack.

"And yonder rises the cloud," replied Phil. "It will cover the moon before an hour."

"Precious little use it will be to us now," replied the angry scout. "I'll swear I was never sold so cheap. If it comes on dark it will just be playing into their hands. The redskins have done for us, Phil."

"Had we not better return to our posts?" spoke the voice of Miss Amberly, who stood just behind them.

"No use now," replied Jack, with a dubious shake of the head. "We won't be troubled for a while yet. They know well that it's going to be dark before an hour. Then our boat will come back to us—but it will be manned by these bloodthirsty hounds."

"How did the Indian get here?" asked Captain Wilson. "He could not have swam over without being seen."

"Did you keep to your post?" asked Jack.

"Yes; except for about five minutes. I became nervous about Miss Amberly, and went over to see if she was safe and in good heart."

"These exceptions are dangerous with an Indian foe," replied Jack, somewhat sourly. "It's my notion that this fellow swam over when we were all woolgathering before. Keep your eye open, Phil, I want to scent out the fellow's track."

The scout proceeded to where the boat had been tied, examining first the cut rope, and then searching the grassy shore, on which the moon now brightly shone, for any of those tell-tale marks so significant to trained eyes.

While he was thus engaged, Phil returned to his post at the head of the island, leaving Captain Wilson and his two female companions standing within the screen of bushes at the lower end, watching the boat.

This, their last hope of escape from their dangerous position, was now very close to the eastern shore, and would soon be under the shadow of the bushes. In the absence of oars or paddles the savage had used his hands to direct its course to the shore, aided by a set of the current in that direction.

Phil sat on a fallen log at his post, his mind a prey to deep anxiety. He paid little attention to the aspect of wood or water, being well satisfied that the wily savages would make no further move until the gathering clouds had blotted out the moonlight.

While he thus sat, his quick senses caught a soft step behind him. He turned to see the form of Laura approaching him, with a hesitating movement.

The thought of the buxom, fair-faced damsel had been in Phil's mind as he sat there, troubled about their probable captivity. She had made a deeper impression upon his susceptible heart than she was aware of.

"Ain't we in dreadful danger, Mr. Sawyer?" asked the girl, her face pale, her hands trembling with the fears that possessed her.

"We have done all that men could do, Miss Laura," he replied. "What's more, the redskins won't land here without a brush."

"It was too bad for them to get the boat. I'm dreadfully afraid," she said, seating herself near him.

"They have no oars," he replied. "They've got two good rifles to work against, and some sharp eyes, too, if I must say it."

"I put a great deal of hope in you, Mr. Sawyer," was Laura's reply.

"Nobody calls me Mr. Sawyer," he answered, hesitatingly. "I like to be called Phil. Mr. Sawyer sounds too dignified for a boy like me."

"And nobody calls me Miss Laura," she replied.

"Well, then, Laura, you'll call me Phil after this?" said the soft-hearted youth, edging more towards her.

"And you'll call me Laura?" asked she, affecting to hesitate and look away. Somehow the presence of the youth had banished her fear.

"If you will only let me," he replied. "What is your other name, Laura?"

"Ford," she replied; "Laura Ford. A very common-place name, ain't it? What is that out there, Phil?"

"Where? I don't see anything."

He moved up close beside her to catch the direction of her pointing hand.

"There, where the river turns. Don't you see? Look right along my arm."

Phil's head had to descend very nearly on her shoulder to get the right point of view. His heart beat faster as he felt her warm breath on his cheek.

The sly jade had guessed his secret, and was playing with him, like an angler with his trout.

"There's nothing out there, Laura, but a floating log."

"Your eyes are good for nothing," she replied, taking his hand in hers and pointing with it. "Don't you see now? Right back of the turn."

But Phil could not see. He looked, and looked again, leaving his hand in hers, their cheeks almost touching. He thought it the nicest piece of instruction in his duty that he had ever experienced.

It is doubtful if he tried very hard to distinguish anything alarming in the distance; there was something so alarmingly pleasant beside him.

"Isn't it getting dark, Phil?" she said. "I am dreadfully afraid of the savages. The moon is nearly covered. They may swim over in the darkness."

Phil gave her hand a reassuring pressure, but said nothing. His eyes were fixed with a keen glance on a point just above that to which she had been directing his attention.

"There's deviltry afoot there," said a deep voice behind them.

Laura started, and rose hastily. Her eyes fell upon the old scout. Phil made no movement, but continued his earnest gaze.

"You saw it, Mr. Grey?"

"Yes; just as that streak of moonlight flashed upon it. They have carried the boat up, crossed the Nina, and are now crossing the Angelina at the narrow bend above."

"And in half an hour we will have some fighting to do," said Phil, in a determined voice. "Did you find any trail?"

"The redskin snaked it clean across the island. He came through the cane exactly at Captain Wilson's post, but Captain Wilson wasn't there; he had gone on the trail of the women folks."

"And the Indian must have swam to the cane when he was off his post before," said Phil.

"Just so. That's for putting men to work they don't understand. If the blasted Cherokees take us, we've got the captain to thank."

"I don't see anything. Is there such danger?" faltered Laura, her hand on the old scout's arm.

"You saw plenty just now," he replied, laughingly. "But you needn't fear. Phil and I will do our best. Take her over to Miss Amberly, Phil. This is not a safe place for women."

She accompanied her youthful admirer, clinging to his arm with a fear that was no longer affected.

Not five minutes had elapsed ere the keen-eyed scout saw the boat emerging round the point of land ahead, and floating down almost concealed by the bushes. Only the ragged edge of the cloud was as yet over the moon, and an occasional gleam of light shone upon the point in question.

Jack Gray's brows contracted with anger as he saw the canoe, on which their safety had depended, now used as an instrument against them.

Phil Sawyer's bold exploit had proved useless, through an oversight for which he could not help blaming himself. He had done wrong to become so absorbed in his comrade's adventure, while trusting a most important duty to an inexperienced hand. He had himself to blame, more than Captain Wilson, for the danger that now threatened them.

The floating clouds were again over the moon. The western shore seemed but a bank of gloom. Only the top of its forest line was faintly outlined against the sky. The water ran dark and dim between.

Jack Gray stood with presented rifle, his eyes gazing keenly but vainly into the gloom, his ears intent on every sound.

A faint wash of water seemed to come to him, different from the gurgle of the stream on the island shores. He stooped and sought to lift any object on the water into view against the sky.

Only the floating log which Phil had seen came into sight, a short distance above the island. The dark background of bushes screened all else. Yet the sound increased. It was not the log. That was moving calmly down in a line that would bring it east of the island.

The scout's senses were keenly alive. That the boat, manned with a savage crew, was floating down upon the island, he did not doubt; but that the wily savages would expose themselves to the danger of a bullet was not probable.

Three minutes more and a shadowy object came into view, drifting truly down upon the upper point of his place of refuge. It soon defined itself as the boat, floating broadside down, and not a form visible in its interior. A screen of leafy twigs was laid deftly along each gunwale, making a close cover to the height of a foot.

Nearer and nearer it came, its propelling force invisible. No one within could have directed its course. There must be swimmers grasping it from behind, and bearing it down upon the island.

Suddenly a rifle-shot sounded from his left, followed by a suppressed cry of pain from the boat. He turned to behold Phil coolly reloading his weapon.

"There's no one inside," said the young man, as he inserted the bullet. "That shot went through and scorched one of the hounds in the water."

"Step a bit back here," said Jack. "We will be more under cover and can take them in the rush."

"The boat has grounded," said Phil, as it slightly keeled over.

It had touched bottom several feet from shore, and lay sidewise, a little west of the island point.

"They will break soon," said Jack. "There can't be more than five or six of the red beggars. Take two on the rush, and knives and clubbed rifles for the balance."

The boat hung for a minute, then loosened and floated down to a spot where long grass screened the shore. A short silence followed; then, with a wild whoop, a half dozen savage forms leaped to the bank, and sprang rapidly over the intervening open space for the cover of the bushes.

Simultaneously, two rifle reports rung clearly upon the night air, and two of the savages fell prostrate. A gleam of moonlight had given the scouts a sure aim.

The defenders of the island waited scarcely breathing, for the expected onset of the now concealed savages, striving hastily to reload their weapons. Only the groans from one of the Indians, who lay with a broken shoulder, came through the silence.

But the savages were too acute to permit their foes to reload. They sprang from the cover which had concealed them for a moment, and rushed upon the scouts.

The latter met them with clubbed rifles. An exciting contest ensued, the agile savages striving to come to close quarters with their foes, but forced to spring back from the fierce blows dealt at them.

Two of the savages flung their hatchets with deadly aim. One was avoided by a quick stoop of Phil's head. The other chipped a piece from the stock of Jack's rifle, and glanced aside.

The foe was, for the time, baffled, but the great exertions of the two borderers must soon exhaust their strength. Aware of this, two savages sought to steal behind them; so as to attack them in front and rear.

Jack Gray simply faced round, so that the scouts now stood back to back, each facing two foes. Fortunately for them, the savages had not been able to bring their fire-arms. But the scouts could not long hope to keep at bay their strong and agile foes.

At this dangerous point of the contest there came an unexpected relief. The report of a rifle from the bush to the right met their ears. With a scream of pain one of the Indians tottered and fell. The next instant Captain Wilson appeared upon the scene, imitating the scouts by clubbing his weapon, which he had discharged with such good effect.

The combatants were now equal in number, but the savages were armed only with their knives, and were forced to give back, step by step, before the formidable weapons of their courageous opponents.

This movement was towards the central ridge of the island. Its summit was attained, and the dusky foe were being driven down the opposite slope, when a new diversion changed the whole aspect of the fight.

A loud, woman's scream pierced the night air with a sound that for the moment unnerved the borderers, robbing their arms of strength, their hearts of courage.

A faint light from the partly-covered moon fell upon the slope, here bare of bushes. With astounded eyes the scouts beheld several dark forms gliding rapidly to the scene of conflict. One of them had grasped Laura by the arm, from whose lips came the piercing screams. Her mistress stood erect and silent, as if frozen with fear.

One quick glance told Jack Gray the whole story. The innocent-looking log, to which he had paid no attention, suffering it to float unnoticed by him while listening for the boat, now lay stranded upon the beach. It had concealed this reinforcement to their savage foes.

With a cry of alarm Captain Wilson rushed fiercely past the line of dusky foes to the defence of Miss Amberly.

The more experienced scouts, on the contrary, gave back before this dangerous onset, dealing one or two desperate blows at their immediate antagonists, then springing back into the close bush behind them.

The savages, with terrifying yells, rushed forward in pursuit.

The old hunter was well aware that he had no chance to escape death or captivity by keeping up the contest, with empty rifles, against such odds. His only hope of efficient aid to his helpless charge was in present escape, and to effect this, the thought of the boat came to his mind.

His rifle had been half loaded while previously waiting the onset of the Indians. He now, as he ran, rammed down the bullet. He had again the life of a foe in his hands.

He reached the shore below the line of canes. There, just emerging into light, was the prow of the boat. It had worked itself clear of the bottom, and was floating down the stream.

"Quick! Jump in!" cried the voice of Phil Sawyer, dashing past him and flinging his rifle into the boat.

The oars lay on the ground at their feet. With a powerful thrust of his foot Jack kicked three of them into the water, and sprang into the boat as Phil picked up the remaining oar.

Their yelling pursuers had taken a longer course, striking the shore near where the boat had lain. They were now coming rapidly down, and one of them emerged into sight just as Phil got fair hold of the oar.

There was not a moment to lose. A powerful sweep of his new weapon laid this foremost savage prostrate. The spring of Jack Gray had given increased impetus to the boat, which had already passed the lower extremity of the island.

Hurling the oar before him, Phil rushed into the shallow water, caught the pointed end of the boat, and gave it a powerful shove, as he sprang half within it.

It was gliding rapidly into deeper water when the baffled savages burst upon the stream.

The foremost of these, a gigantic, fierce-looking fellow, raised his tomahawk to fling at the defenceless form of Phil, where he lay across the stern, half in and half out of the boat.

But for the foresight of Jack Gray in reloading his rifle, nothing could have saved his associated from that deadly blow. But in an instant the rifle of the old marksman was at his eye, a bullet traversed the intervening space, and the upraised arm of the savage fell helpless and broken to his side, his weapon dropping harmlessly into the water. The boat glided on into the darkness.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNDER ARREST.

We must return to Nacogdoches. The prison in which Major Amberly was confined was no very straitened one. He was simply limited to an apartment in the barracks, which he had already been in the habit of occupying as his own, and which was tastefully and pleasantly furnished.

But a sentry stood on guard in the corridor without, and an air of "under arrest" pervaded the place, which would have made even a palace uncomfortable.

The prisoner was a tall, handsome man of about forty-five years of age, with blue eyes, profuse brown hair, and well-trimmed side whiskers. In dress he was very neat, and in that wild country was as attentive to his attire as if he had been in a city parlor.

The major was of a restless, impatient disposition, and this confinement was very irksome to him. He would walk the apartment from end to end for hours, with the step of a leopard in its cage. He was not without books and other sources of amusement, but was too unsettled in mind to derive much pleasure from this.

The door opened, and Captain Allen entered, finding the major seated on a chair by the window, looking gloomily out.

The sight of a visitor cheered him. He sprang up and shook hands warmly with the captain.

"Good morning, Frank," he cried. "I am very glad to see you. Sit down and let us have a good long talk."

"No action taken by the colonel yet?" asked Frank, as he seated himself.

"None that I have heard of. I do not know how long he thinks to keep me under arrest, or what he intends to do."

"It is an arbitrary and unwarrantable business altogether," said Frank, indignantly.

"I will not agree with that," replied the major. "Military discipline is very necessary to be observed, and those who wilfully disobey the express orders of their commanders must expect to suffer from it."

"Even military discipline admits of extenuating circumstances," said Frank. "You could not in honor have acted otherwise."

"Colonel Brownson will admit of no extenuation," replied the major. "His orders gave me no discretionary powers. It was unwise in me, to say the least, to act as I did."

"You did what any true-souled man would have done?" cried Frank, warmly. "He is yielding to private spleen, and calling it public duty."

"I admit that he is no friend of mine," replied the major. "I have given my enemy the advantage, and he is disposed to do me all the harm in his power."

"That is, if you submit quietly to his verdict—which I hope you do not think of doing," said Frank. "In any case, it was I that was in fault, not you. I acted without orders. I should bear the penalty."

"You are a noble soul, Frank Allen," said the major, with an earnest grasp of his hand. "But you shall not sacrifice yourself to me. Your movement was made in obedience to my orders. A command may be looked as well as spoken."

"But, man," cried Frank, impatiently, "do you not see the very awkward position which such an admission places you in? In one case I acted in an emergency, mistaking your intentions; in the other you openly disobeyed orders—two essentially distinct cases."

"I would be forever ashamed to make the declaration to the world that I saw a white man in the hands of savages and made no effort to rescue him."

The major spoke with much warmth of feeling.

"But consider Colonel Brownson's argument," replied Frank. "By your disregard of orders the savages were exasperated. The man was murdered instead of being rescued. Several of the Indians fell. A hostile feeling was aroused, which it is the purpose of the administration to prevent."

"A wise administration," said Major Amberly, scornfully, "to temporize with Indians on the war-path and with arms in their hands. But, my dear sir, I am not submitting as quietly as you think to this action of Colonel Brownson's. Our new President has different views. I have taken measures to bring this case to his attention. The result of these measures you will know in a day or two."

"I am glad to hear that," replied Frank. "The hands of your enemy have been greatly strengthened within these two days. An event has happened

which gives him an excuse for the severest action."

"What is that? I have heard nothing."

"An Indian raid," said Frank. "A strong war-party of the Cherokees has marched in this direction. The woods south of us are full of them, and the town is probably surrounded."

"An Indian war-party!" repeated the major, his face pale.

"You now see the colonel's line of argument," continued Frank. "You have made an aggressive movement in disregard of orders. In consequence the savages have raided upon the settlements. Your action has precipitated an Indian war. The duty of your superior officer is to pacify the savages by punishing you with the full rigor of military law."

"A sensible way to deal with savages!" replied the major; "to begin by showing them that you are frightened. But that seems to have been his policy. Why does he not form a court martial?"

"He may have been shrewdly waiting for this very circumstance. Hate does not give the same counsel as honest desire of duty."

"The town is surrounded? All the roads ambushed?" asked the major, his face still pale.

"Yes; Indian eyes are everywhere. I fear that Mr. Marvin's scout will find it difficult to pass."

"Mr. Marvin's scout?" echoed the major.

"Yes; Mr. Marvin is strongly your friend, and is determined to use his influence with the authorities for your release. He has sent out a man well versed in Indian wiles, with letters and representations which will, no doubt, be effective."

"He has first to pass the Indian lines," replied the major, shaking his head. "It may not prove easy. Has no action yet been taken against the savages? Are they to be given liberty to slaughter the outlying settlers at their leisure?"

"I have orders to reconnoitre, with my company, to-morrow morning."

"To reconnoitre! and to-morrow morning!" cried the major, hotly. "How does your company of rangers relish that order?"

"They are fuming," replied Frank. "Morning will begin early with them, and the reconnoitre will be a fight if they meet the Indians."

"If there should be a fight," said the major, "cut through them. Strive to reach their camp. They must have prisoners. You may be able to release them."

"Most likely as I released the prisoner on my last attempt. They would probably be all slaughtered."

"True, true," said the major, in a trembling voice. "I forgot their bloodthirsty habits. Do not attempt it, Frank. It would be horrible. Yet death were better than captivity with these cruel savages."

Captain Allen looked in surprise at the major. His voice had been low and pained. His face continued pallid. He spoke in an abstracted manner, as if forgetting his visitor.

"What is the matter, sir?" asked Frank, in concern. "You surely can have no personal interest in these captives. It is but a conjecture that there are any captives."

"It is a certain thing," replied the major, with much energy of manner. "They have surprised the settlers. No doubt they have many captives."

"The settlers are quick to take alarm," said Frank. "The most of them must have escaped by flight. A considerable number have come into town. But I thought from your manner that you had fears for some personal friend."

"I have! I have, indeed!" cried the major, with much feeling. "A person very dear to me is journeying to this town, and should have arrived here by this time. I fear—I am sure—that she has fallen into the hands of the savages."

The major's voice was husky and broken. His lips trembled.

"She! It is a lady, then?" asked Frank, in surprise.

"Yes. A mere girl. A delicately-nurtured, warm-hearted maiden. The dearest of living beings to me. Oh, if she has fallen into the hands of these wretches! The thought is too horrible!"

A sort of groan broke from the strong man at the picture which his fancy conjured up.

"Near and dear to you," muttered Frank, in an undertone.

"It is my daughter," said the major, catching his words. "All I have left in the world—the living image of my dear wife. I dare not ask you to attempt her rescue; nor dare I entertain the thought of her remaining in such hands. She were better dead!"

"Do not be desponding," said Frank, with energy. "It is far from certain that she is a captive. She must have met some fugitives on the road. They would warn her. I am satisfied that your daughter is safe."

"I fear not. The alarm cannot be general yet. When did it reach here?"

"This morning."

"It may not yet have reached farther south. Promise me, Frank, to do your utmost to find if she is indeed a captive. I dare not tell you to attempt her rescue."

"You can depend on me, Major Amberly, said Frank, earnestly. "I have not been so fortunate as to meet your daughter, but for your sake I will use my utmost exertions in her behalf. They will need to be in strong force to withstand my rangers. I will search their camp, if I remain alive and free to do it."

A warm pressure of the hand, a thankful gleam in the eye, formed the only answer of the grateful father.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAKE A BEGINNING.—How many a poor, idle, hesitating, erring outcast is now creeping, crawling his way through the world, who, might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had made a beginning. A beginning, and a good beginning, too, is necessary. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first time a manly "I will" is said; the first seed put in the ground, the first dollar put in the savings' bank, and the first mile traveled in a journey, are all very important things. They make a beginning; and thereby a hope, a promise, an assurance is held out that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken.

WE are more prone to persecute others for their faith than to make sacrifices to prove our own.

PERDITA.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Under the snows she sleepeth!
Under the cold, immaculate snows.
And my heart is softer with grief and pain,
For I know, though June brings back the rose,
That my lily will never bloom again,
My pure, pale lily that sleepeth.

Beneath the violet lying:
No Spring, with its tender and warm caress
Of life and passion, of bud and bloom,
No Summer's infinite loveliness
Can reach to the depth of that silent tomb
Wherein my love is lying.

In vain they tell me she liveth,
With her warm sweet face, and her tender eyes
In some divine Beyond, Mars;
I only know that out of my skies,
His faded and vanished the morning star;
Not unto me she liveth.

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 3, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XL.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

And so the month passed, and Mr. Carthen had not seen Lina once. This arrangement, of course, suited Lady Clementina admirably, for her great anxiety all through had been lest these two should meet and come to an explanation, which should expose all her cruel treachery.

But when the eve of Lina's wedding-day arrived, she began to breathe freer. Poor Lina, with her white cheeks and dim eyes, was a sorry sight to see; but what did Lady Clementina care? She had gained her purpose; yet Lina, struggling with the ropes that bound her, was hardly a more miserable creature than the woman who had intrigued so steadily for one thing, and gained it, only to find, like the apples of the Dead Sea, that it turned to ashes in her mouth.

As Lina sat shivering over the fire on the eve of her wedding, Lady Clementina came in. She drew up her chair, and sat there silently, her feet on the fender, her head in her hands. Lina was the first to speak.

"You hide all the fire," she said, with childish petulance; "and I am so cold! Couldn't you draw a little further back?"

"Cold!" exclaimed Lady Clementina, uncovering her flushed cheeks. "I was just thinking how warm it was."

"Then why do you come so near?"

Lina was so ill and sorrowful, that it made her harsh. Once her temper had been unalterably sweet and gentle; but her nerves had been so unstrung of late, that the smallest contradiction now rendered her sharp and petulant.

"You don't seem in a very good humor to-night, Lina."

"Perhaps not; I know I am very miserable."

"You are so visionary and romantic, Lina! I take the world as it comes, and make the best of it; you seem to expect that everything is to be ordered with special reference to your separate tastes and feelings."

"I don't think anything of the kind, Clementina, as you know perfectly well; but I did, and had a right to expect that I might be allowed to settle my future, so far as it lay in my own hands."

"And what has prevented you?"

"You have."

"I! Why, you must be dreaming, Lina! I have given you advice, certainly, as an elder sister should; but, beyond that, I cannot hold myself responsible for any steps you have thought fit to take in the matter."

"You urged me to marry the marquis."

"To save your own pride."

"I cannot see I have mended anything by this rash marriage. Mr. Carthen's insult will always be the same, whether I am Lina Dacre or the Marchioness of Dawford; and he may flatter himself still that I care for him if he chooses. I do no good, whatever, by the step you urged me to take, and assuredly I make myself more miserable than ever."

"You always were such a poor-spirited creature," said Lady Clementina, contemptuously.

"I could not help people knowing and seeing that I was not happy, for I am not clever at feigning what I do not feel; but a woman must be garrulous and undignified, indeed, who parades her griefs, and calls upon strangers to show her sympathy and commiseration. And, after all, great as the effort may be, it won't last long."

"What do you mean?"

Lina held up her thin, transparent hands to the light.

"Look!" she said, with a faint laugh, that died away in a sigh; "they can't waste much more, can they?"

Lady Clementina put her own by the side of them.

"Your misery seems to have the same effect upon you that my happiness has upon me."

"You need not marry Mr. Carthen, unless you like," said Lina, with a sudden flash of color on her white cheeks.

"I do like, and I am perfectly happy, yet I grow thin, which shows that the mind does not affect the body so much as you fancy. Besides, all this whining and lamenting can have no influence on your fate now. You have accepted the marquis, and will have to marry him; for you know, as well as I do, that papa would not suffer such a scandal as your drawing back from your given word, at the eleventh hour."

"I suppose it doesn't signify whether I make up my mind to die or not afterwards?"

"I have never attempted to prepare myself for such a contingency."

"Then I advise you to do so," said Lina, as she rose. "What is the time, I wonder? My watch has stopped."

"It is nearly one o'clock," answered Lady Clementina, examining her own.

"I had not fancied it was so late."

"And I," answered her elder sister, with a weary sigh she did not attempt to repress, "was attempting to see the dawn break every minute."

"Then why don't you go to bed?"

"When one sleeps so little always, it hardly seems worth while."

"I should have thought *you* would have slept."

"Because I am so happy!" answered Lady Clementina, bitterly. "Now you see that that kind of thing hasn't the effect of enlivening one so much as you would suppose?"

"Then what is the use of being happy?"

"There is none, that I can imagine."

"I am puzzled to understand all this," said Lina, softly. "There seems to me some enigma to solve here."

Lady Clementina rose to her feet, with a little cry of feigned surprise.

"Fancy trying to solve such a knotty problem as one o'clock in the morning! Go to sleep, Lina, and, perhaps, the solution may come to you in your dreams."

She swept on as she finished speaking.

Then Lina murmured her passionate prayers on her bended knees, with streaming eyes and clasped hands, and afterwards lay down. But sleep fled those weary eyelids, as if in sheer spite. Only for one hour of forgetfulness—only for one hour's rest from the racking pain of her thoughts! But no; the clock in the corridor struck the hours one by one; and, at last, the sun came brightly to greet her under the blind, and still she had not slept.

At last Lina rose, and sitting at her window, watched the sun rise in golden splendor over the distant hills. At nine o'clock her maid brought her a cup of tea and a slice of toast. Fanny's eyes were red with weeping; for she could see that her young mistress was not happy. Besides, the marquis had insisted that she should be dismissed, to make way for a tart, affected French woman. Lina noticed this, and was infinitely touched by it. She took a simple jewel out of her case; and presently, when the girl came back, trying to look cheerful and composed, and flattering herself that her red eyes would not be noticed, Lina took her hand, and said, gently:

"Fanny, you have always been patient, and attentive, and willing; and, therefore, instead of giving you money, I give you this little brooch you have often seen me wear."

Fanny fairly broke down at this, and kissed the gift, so sweetly given, with quivering lips, which failed to utter the thanks that were in her heart.

Then Mademoiselle Antoinette, the new maid, was ushered in, and the business of the toilette commenced. Lina sat passive under her experienced hands, with a strange kind of languor creeping over her—a dimness of perception, that gave the voices about her a far-off sound.

Lady Dacre came in presently, and kissed her with great tenderness, admired Antionette's skilful arrangement of the bridal wreath, and went off to see that the rooms below were properly decorated and the breakfast laid out as she could wish.

"Will you have the veil over your face, my lady?" said Antionette, in a high treble. "The Duchess of Woodbridge wore hers in the French fashion, and it is far more becoming."

"Just as you like."

"Merci, miladi!" said Antoinette, glad to be left to her own devices. "Then I shall arrange it in the French fashion, decidedly."

At this minute, Lady Dacre returned with a magnificent casket of diamonds the marquis had just brought, and which he particularly requested Lina would wear. Antoinette was in her element; and, strange to say, though Lady Dacre stood by, she never noticed the silence of the pale young bride, her woeful gloom, as the Frenchwoman's busy hands clasped on the glittering necklet, fastened the bracelets, and settled the tiara skilfully among the white flowers of her wreath.

"Now it is finished," said mademoiselle, and handed Lina her gloves and handkerchief, and a bottle of strong salts Lady Dacre had laid on the toilet table ready.

"My dear," said the countess, "we had better go. Papa is waiting, and it is quite time."

Lord Dacre was waiting at the foot of the grand staircase to receive the bride.

Lina slipped her hand into his mechanically, and mechanically walked to the carriage. Lord Dacre almost lifted her in, and then they drove off, amid the shouts of the people, who had gathered from far and near, to see the splendid pageant of an aristocratic wedding.

Lina heard and saw nothing of all this. She tried to bring her senses together with a great effort; she knew only that the great yellow sun stared her in the face, and wondered, in a dreamy fashion, if it had come to look at the bride. The weight of the diamond tiara grew terribly oppressive, and the snowy veil blinded her.

"For ever and ever!"

She said this to herself, in a faint murmur of words, hardly intelligable, as she went up the long white aisle, clutching at her father's arm.

"For ever and ever, until death us do part!"

She was at the marquis' side by this time—how she never knew, although Clementina's guiding hand had helped to place her there. And then a solemn silence fell on the church, and the bishop, smoothing his lawn sleeves, came forward to the altar rail.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this congregation, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony."

He had no time for more.

Lady Clementina saw the pale victim fall, crushed to the earth, under her splendid crown, and called out, in a voice of sudden horror and agitation, which seemed to recognize this certainty instinctively,

"Great heaven, she is dead!"

CHAPTER XLI.

RESTORED TO LIFE.

Dead!

Dead in her sweet prime; dead with the bridal wreath on her brow, and her bridal robe for a pall! Dead!

Nevermore would the blue eyes open on this cold world, whose sorrows had killed her; nevermore would the music of her voice fill the home she loved, or cheer the sick and comfort the sorrowful.

The guests gradually dispersed, and the house was silent as the grave. The marquis had returned with Lord Dacre and Lady Clementina; and the earl, thinking he must be anxious, bade him wait until Dr. Robinson had examined his patient, and expressed an opinion as to her case.

Lady Clementina sat at a corner of the hearth, and in her favorite attitude, with her white dress sweeping the floor, and so waited silently for the verdict.

In about an hour, Dr. Robinson came down. Lord Dacre sprang forward to meet him.

"Well?" he said, with breathless eagerness, "may we hope?"

Dr. Robinson shook his head sorrowfully.

"I am almost afraid not. I cannot find any pulse; at the same time, it may possibly be syncope. I have known instances in people of feeble circulation, where it was impossible to tell it from death, until time proved it by restoring them suddenly to themselves. If this is the case, as I hope it may be, Lady Lina must have had some strong mental shock to prostrate her so entirely."

He turned to Lady Clementina inquiringly.

"Its keen eyes were on her face, and though she felt herself change color, she nerved herself to say, calmly and boldly:

"I fancied she looked very pale when she came in, but I am not aware that I expected she would be ill."

"Lady Lina has always had a strong constitution. I don't think this could have happened unless she were greatly troubled."

"It is not uncommon for women to be agitated on such occasions, and Lina is very sensitive."

"Sensitive to bodily pain——"

"Sensitive to everything," returned Lady Clementina, haughtily, for she did not much fancy being catechised in this way, and had her own private reasons for deprecating any inquiry into the state of her sister's mind.

Finding that he was not likely to obtain any further information from Lady Clementina, Dr. Robinson turned to her father next, and said:

"My own opinion is, that Lady Lina is still living, but everything will depend upon the first few minutes after she awakes from her trance. If I had only good news to give her then, she would struggle back into life. May I tell her that her marriage with the marquis is broken off?"

Lord Dawford flushed up, as he answered: "So far as I am concerned, you certainly may. After what has taken place to-day, I cannot doubt that Lady Lina would be glad of her release. I should have spoken at once, only that I hardly knew how Lord Dacre would think in the matter."

"I entirely agree with you, my lord. This marriage would not make either Lina's happiness or yours. At the same time, I shall venture to request that you remain here to-night, in order that there may be no scandal raised. And, indeed, I do not see why we should not continue friends, even if we are not to be near connections."

"I am quite of your opinion," replied Lord Dawford. "I should have suggested this myself, if you had not forestalled me."

Lady Clementina, who had listened intently to their dialogue, lowered her head once more into her hands, and looked moodily at the fire. It seemed to her hard, indeed, to have been so near the realization of her hopes, and then to be balked so cruelly. She would have given her right hand if only Lina could have kept up until the ceremony had been completed. But nothing could alter it now; the only thing was to make new plans, or, perhaps, to hurry her own marriage, if she could. She knew that she must build up some strong barrier between Lina and Beauchamp Carthen, as the least chance might bring about an explanation which would not only defeat her ends, but brand her forever as a shameless intriguante—a cruel, heartless designing woman.

Dr. Robinson had gone back to his patient again, armed with a remedy which, he fancied, if he had a chance of applying it, would answer better than all his medicines.

Lady Dacre never once quitted the sick girl's chamber. Her eyes were opened now, and she realized thoroughly how much Lina had suffered, and how fatally to blame both she and Lord Dacre had been in permitting this engagement.

Lina's swoon lasted twelve hours, and then she opened her dim, blue eyes on the anxious face bending above.

"Mamma!"

"My darling!"

"Have I been ill long?"

"No; only a little while."

"Shall I ever get well again?"

"I hope so, Lady Lina," said the firm, but gentle voice of Dr. Robinson; "we mean to try."

"But you think me in great danger?"

"I did not say so."

"Not in words; but I can see by your face that you are afraid of me."

"We doctors are always anxious about our patients until we get them entirely well; but, I believe, Lady Lina," he added, slowly and impressively, "that now your marriage with the marquis is broken off, your mind will be comparatively easy, and so you will help our efforts to restore you with a will."

"Is my marriage broken off?" She turned to her mother for confirmation of these blessed tidings.

Lady Dacre stooped down, and kissed her brow.

"But papa——"

"I believe he suggested it himself. Did you not tell me so, doctor?"

"No, my lady. I suggested it, but he immediately concurred in my opinion."

"And the marquis?" murmured poor Lina.

"I fancy his lordship is very glad the decision is taken off his shoulders."

"Then he will consent?"

She clasped her thin hands together, and a sudden flush, like her old sweet bloom, dyed her face.

"Most certainly. He would have proposed it, I am sure, if I had not."

"Dr. Robinson!"

"Lady Lina!"

"I shall be grateful to you for the rest of my life—if I am permitted to live."

"Which I devoutly hope will be the case."

"There is only one very, very great favor I have to ask now, mamma."

"What is that, my love?"

"I want to see Mr. Carthen."

"Mr. Carthen?"

"All the while I have this weight on my mind, it is impossible for me to get well. Reviewing matters calmly as I lie here, it seems to me that some mistake must have been made, that ought to be rectified. Whether I die or live, it is the same thing; that must be made right."

"My dear Lina, I am very loth to refuse you anything, but I do not see how it is to be managed."

"Mightn't I fetch him, my lady?" suggested the doctor.

"You see, it is rather a difficult thing to do. Lady Clementina might feel annoyed."

"At any rate—if your ladyship will excuse my speaking so bluntly—Lady Lina ought to be your first consideration, under the circumstances; and," lowering his voice to a whisper, "I will not answer for anything, if she is thwarted just now."

"It is a most unfortunate fancy."

"Pardon me, my lady; I consider it a most fortunate one. I am greatly mistaken if there has not been some treachery, and it is only fair to Mr. Carthen, if so, that it should be explained. Surely it must have struck your ladyship that the alteration in his feelings was much too sudden to be natural or feasible. The world has always given him to Lady Lina, and I feel sure that he was greatly attached to her; and, therefore, it is unaccountable to me that he should have altered like this, unless he has been worked upon in some way that we do not understand."

"Lady Clementina will be dreadfully angry," said Lady Dacre, in her shrinking voice, that showed she was afraid of her eldest daughter's haughty temper.

"Need she know?"

"I don't see why not. I shall go and fetch him myself, and bring him up here as quietly as possible."

"Very well, I leave it all to you; only arrange, if you can, so that Lady Clementina may not know what is going forward."

"Never fear, my lady; if it can be done, it shall be done."

He went out, and Lina lay like a statue, perfectly motionless, until he returned. She heard the door open below, though Lady Dacre did not; she heard, also, two people ascending the stairs, and a bright, eager light came into her dull eyes.

"Mamma, he is come!"

Lady Dacre fancied that Lina was slightly delirious, and bent down to her anxiously. But at this minute came a soft tap at the door.

"Come in!" said Lina herself. And the doctor and Mr. Carthen entered together.

Lina looked at the latter wistfully as he advanced, took her hand in both of his, and kissed it with reverential tenderness.

"Mamma, may we have a few minutes alone?"

"Will you come into the next room with me, doctor?" said Lady Dacre.

"Certainly, my lady."

For a few seconds after they were left alone neither spoke. Lina was the first to break the silence.

"Mr. Carthen," she said, "I have asked to see you because I feel that I have but a short time to live, and I fancy there must have been some mistake somewhere."

"I dared to hope this, too, Lady Lina, until I received your first letter, in which, without any preparation whatever, you bade me absent myself from the house, as my attentions had reached a stage which were especially annoying and distasteful to you personally, and, moreover, damaged your prospects elsewhere!"

"I wrote such a letter as that!" exclaimed Lina, flushing crimson with shame. "Oh, Mr. Carthen, you must surely be dreaming!"

"It was a very strange dream, then," he said, drawing a paper out of his pocket. "I have the letter with me. See, for yourself, if I was not justified in believing it to be a perfect reality."

She read it through, and then put it back to him with a proud gesture of disdain.

"How could you have thought that that ever came from me?"

"Then you did not write it?"

"Never! Was it like me to do this thing?"

"No. And yet it is your handwriting."

"Or, rather, a good imitation."

"But you wrote this?"

He gave her the one she had sent him by Lady Clementina, and she recognized it at once.

"Yes," she said; "that was mine, and was an answer to one of yours, expressing a strong hope that I would marry the Marquis of Dawford, in order to relieve your conscience of the weight of my unhappiness! Can you wonder that I felt indignant and outraged that you should accuse yourself of having given me encouragement?"

"Lina, I begin to see it all now. Some treacherous hand has been busy writing for us such words as we could never have written ourselves, whilst holding back the letters that we actually penned! I have sent you one letter, and one only; and in that I begged you earnestly, passionately, not to seal your own misery by marrying for rank and wealth."

"I never had that."

"Of course not."

"The only thing is, I wonder that you should have been so easily deceived. In my first letter—or, rather, the letter that was supposed to be mine—I rejected you unconditionally; and, afterwards, I was supposed to be rendered miserable by my attachment!"

"And I am afraid the mischief did not end here. Can you bear me to speak frankly?"

"I can bear anything, now I know you didn't write that letter.

"Lina, have you ever had debts?"

"Debts?" she inquired, with a puzzled expression. "I do not owe one farthing in the world."

"And you have never bought jewels upon trust?"

"A thousand times, no!"

"Mind, you are not to be agitated at what I am going to say, for I see everything clearly now. It was represented to me that you could not resist any trinket you saw that took your fancy, and so ran into debt to obtain what, when once bought, you were afraid to wear under your father's eye. I fancied that this might be a motive for your marriage, and begged to be allowed to lend you what was required to free you from embarrassment, without your having recourse to the other alternative."

"Oh, Mr. Carthen!" she murmured, faintly, "how could you think so very ill of me?"

"It was better to think this, Lina, than to believe that you were marrying the marquis simply for his grand title and vast estates."

"Yes," she said, "anything was better than that! But your offer was not accepted, of course?"

"It was."

"What! you gave the money?"

All through this conversation, although both recognized perfectly who the treacherous foe was who had tampered so ruthlessly with their happiness, to serve her own purposes, no name had been mentioned; but now, in the excess of his indignation, Mr. Carthen spoke out.

"Yes," he said, "I put into Lady Clementina's hand a cheque for five hundred pounds, which, she assured me, you would most thankfully receive, and dedicate to the purpose of paying your debts."

"Oh, how terrible!" murmured the poor child, whose sensitive pride was literally outraged.

"Surely, surely she must be mad!"

He held out his hand, and she put her own weak, trembling fingers into it frankly.

"Then, my dearest, we need not afford to pardon even her."

"Oh, if I may only be allowed to recover!"

"Darling, there is no fear; Dr. Robinson told me so, coming along. But he said he knew that it was only the dread of losing you that would make Lady Dacre defy her daughter's displeasure, or, indeed, induce you to speak out. He has been convinced himself that there was some mistake, and we should be kept apart to prevent us from coming to any explanation, and so be determined to defeat Lady Clementina's plans himself."

"Then, I have not been dangerously ill?"

"No; you are certainly weak and nervous, and will require an immense amount of care and indulgence," he answered, with a smile, that showed this duty would be a pleasure; "but yours was only a swoon; and I shall always look upon that swoon as the most fortunate thing that ever occurred for me in all my life."

Lady Dacre and the doctor re-entered, and Lina attempted blushingly to disengage herself from Mr. Carthen's arms, but this he would not allow.

"If you are ashamed," he said, smiling, "I am not; and I fancy, when Lady Dacre knows all, she will sympathize with my transports."

"Shake hands with Dr. Robinson," said Lina, with pretty imperiousness.

"With all the pleasure in the world; but why particularly at this minute?" inquired Mr. Carthen, who thought himself well off, and did not care to be disturbed.

"Because you owe all your happiness to him—that is to say, if you are happy."

"Some day, I will punish you for that doubt."

Lady Dacre looked from one to the other, with a very puzzled expression of face. She could not understand that Lina, who was usually so sensitively delicate, should suffer the attention of a man whom she knew to be engaged to her own sister. Dr. Robinson took his leave, and Mr. Carthen explained everything to her.

She was, first of all, incredulous, but the production of the letters soon satisfied her.

"I will acquaint Lord Dacre with all the facts of the case myself," she said; "and, I am sure he will agree with me. And now, Mr. Carthen, I know you will pardon me, if I speak out plainly. Lina requires rest, and ought to be kept quiet for the next few days."

As he went down, he fancied he heard the rustle of a woman's garments, and a swift step in flight along the corridor, and could not help fancying that this must be Lady Clementina, who had crept up stairs to listen. However, he did not see her, and got out into the cold, quiet night, without further adventure of any kind.

The old marquis, who had been greatly annoyed and piqued by the events of the day, sat over the fire moodily.

Therefore, his lordship was surprised, in the midst of his moody reverie, to hear the handle of the door turn abruptly. More surprised still, when Lady Clementina, still in her bridesmaid's dress of white, shining silk, came gliding up to the fire, near which she seated herself in a weary kind of way.

The marquis looked up at her reflectively. The agitation of this long day had given grander effect to her beauty, somehow. Her transparent complexion, looked more transparent than ever; her dark eyes larger, fuller, and of more burning brightness.

How splendidly would she bear the coronet of a marchioness on her, clear, lofty brow!

He hardly knew what made him think of this, but her presence there at this hour, under all the circumstances, suggested the notion, and she implied a certain encouragement.

"My lord," she said, presently, in her sweetest, softest voice; "you will be quite worn out to-morrow. You ought, indeed, to take more care of yourself."

"What can it signify, Lady Clementina? No one cares enough about me to concern herself as to whether I live or die."

"Oh, my lord, you know you are mistaken there!"

There was a short silence. Presently the marquis murmured:

"Lady Clementina!"

"My lord!"

"I begin to think we both made a mistake."

She gave him one swift, keen glance from under her dark lashes.

"It did not take me so long to make this discovery."

"But it is not too late to remedy matters."

"No."

"Will you be my wife?"

Lady Clementina held out her hand.

"Then it is settled?"

"So far as I am concerned."

"What is to prevent us from being married at once?"

Lady Clementina was candid, if nothing else. She answered, without hesitation:

"Nothing."

"Then let me see how it is to be managed."

They sat for another hour in deep, earnest conversation; and after this, Lady Clementina lit her candle and went up-stairs.

The first thing she did was to rouse Antoinette. A short, whispered dialogue took place here, and the Frenchwoman rose at once, and began to hurry on her clothes. Her box was already packed, so there was nothing to do in this way, and she put on her bonnet and shawl, and went out to the stables to rouse the marquis' servants, and order them to get his lordship's carriage ready with as little delay and noise as possible.

This done, she returned up-stairs, and went very busily to work in packing Lady Clementina's wardrobe with as much order as the time would allow.

A lamp burnt in Lina's chamber, and the sweet scent of the orange-blossoms in her bouquet, which Lady Dacre had forgotten to remove, scented the air with almost oppressive strength.

The girl slept softly, with her fair head pillowed on her arm. Lady Dacre had lain down on a sofa in the adjoining room, with the door open between, and worn out with anxiety and fatigue, slept soundly, as, indeed, did all the household.

But presently, Lina had the feeling of some presence in her room, though, at first, she was inclined to think it must

be a dream. However, she opened her eyes stealthily, and there at the toilet-table, with her face as white as her dress, stood Lady Clementina.

She had the casket in her hand which contained the marquis' wedding-gifts of diamonds. To Lina's astonishment, she took possession of it, put something in its place, and was gone more quickly even than she had come.

Half an hour later, Lina, who was too perplexed and restless to sleep again, heard a carriage drive out of the court-yard, and rattle down the road. And then all was quiet again.

Directly it was light enough, she crept out of bed, and found a letter, in Lady Clementina's handwriting where the casket had been:

The diamonds were for Lord Rawford's bride; and, therefore, I take them. Tell Mr. Carthen that I know all—tell him also that most men would have pardoned a deception like mine, knowing the motive. I wanted the five hundred pounds for my own debts, which were pressing; but I dare say he can afford to wait a little while, and I shall be happy to pay him interest. I am going to a sister of the marquis', and shall be married to him from there shortly. I dare say you will have cards.

CLEMENTINA DACRE.

Poor foolish Lina wept over this epistle as if her heart would break. One word of shame and contrition, and she would have forgiven everything. But now she saw that the separation was final, and that when she and Clementina met again it would be as strangers rather than sisters, with the past rising always between them, like some sombre spectacle which even the daylight cannot scare.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TRIAL.

The trial of Herbert Benson and Nat Greysome for the murder of James Flax was fixed for the first of March. Mr. Benson had engaged counsel for his son; but Nat was undefended. However, Herbert requested that Mr. Stradbroke would undertake the other's defense as well as his own.

Never had any trial caused such a sensation in the county as this. The general feeling was against Herbert, who, from having been a great favorite, had suddenly sunk so low in everybody's estimation, that they were ready to believe any ill of him that might be adduced in the course of the trial.

Herbert armed himself to meet either verdict firmly. Day and night he prayed for courage and endurance to bear his troubles. If it were God's will that he should die, he would die bravely; grateful to know that he had not done this thing of which he was accused.

Poor Nat was not so easy in his mind. He thought of his old father, either left to starve, or forced to seek the shelter of a workhouse, in his old age; and his heart was hot within him, and exceedingly sorrowful. He had no hope of getting off; but he was patient in the midst of his troubles. If he told the truth, he would seem to criminate himself; and Joe, having found a hearing for his story first of all, was more likely to be believed than he was.

The court was crowded on the morning of the trial. The prisoners glanced at each other wistfully; and Nat made a motion as if to hold out his hand, but was checked at once by his grim guardians. Then he took his place in the dock. After this the trial commenced.

The first witness examined was Joe Lay.

He gave his evidence in a dogged, defiant way, as follows:

"I was in Lansdown Wood on the night of the 10th of December, when, all of a sudden, I heard voices."

"What were you doing in Lansdown Wood?" inquired the prisoner's counsel.

"Well," answered Joe, looking embarrassed, "I thought I might as well have one if I could find one."

"You were poaching, in fact?"

Joe scratched his head, and said he supposed he was.

"Well," what did you see in Lansdown Wood?"

"I saw Master Herbert and Nat Greysome deep in conversation, as if they had some secret between them. Thinks I to myself, there's something up there, and I should like to find out what it is. So I just hid myself among the trees, and waited."

"Go on," said the counsel for the prosecution, encouragingly.

"Well, I hadn't waited more than ten minutes, before I heard Master Herbert ask Nat if he might take the body to his father's house. At this, I picked up my ears more than ever. It was plain now that a murder had been committed, and by these two. Presently, Nat betrayed hisself. Says he, 'I wish we hadn't killed Flax, now, Master Herbert.'"

"Stop!" said Mr. Stradbroke. "You gave out at first that you had actually seen the murder committed."

"That was a mistake, sir; it was just over when I got up."

"Then what made you say so?

"They misunderstood me, sir. I, as near as may be, saw it done, but not quite. But I heard the prisoner's own words."

"And what happened after this?"

"Well, I was so scared for fear that they should kill me, too, that I was trying to creep away, when I shook the boughs, and they were down on me in a minute. 'Oh, it's only Joe Lay!' Nat said, as Master Herbert held me; 'he's not the boy to tell on a mate. Let's get him to give us a helping hand in burying Flax out of sight.' Of course, I was much too frightened to object; and so we carried the body among us to Nat's cottage, and, after consulting old Mark, we went and buried him."

"How came you not to inform against them directly?"

"I was afraid for my life."

"What! A great, strong fellow like you!"

"I couldn't tell how they might take me. If it had got to fighting, I might have a chance, but very like they would have served me as they served Flax. There was no telling."

"I think I should have risked it, if I had been you—that is to say, if I had not an especial reason for being silent."

"I don't see as it signified to me much either way. There wasn't no reward offered."

"Will you swear that you haven't had a quarrel lately with Nat Greysome?"

"There was some little dispute, I fancy; but I don't recollect what it was about. I'm not fond of telling on a mate if I can help it."

"But it seems to me, if you meant to do it at all, it was as well done sooner as later."

"The body being found made me speak out."

"Were you afraid of being suspected yourself, by any chance?"

Mr. Stradbroke's keen eye was upon him; and Joe fidgeted a little, and colored high.

"I never thought of that; but, of course, it was my duty to tell the truth."

"Not more than at first?"

"I thought, perhaps, it would all blow over, without making any scandal; and I didn't want to get either of the prisoners into trouble, if I could help it."

"That was vastly considerate of you, I am sure, Mr. Lay. I hope they both appreciate your kindness."

Joe didn't like Mr. Stradbroke's tone at all, and he was very glad when he was allowed to step down.

After this, the evidence of the man who found Flax's body was taken. But he had nothing to tell, beyond this bare fact.

The whole prosecution seemed to rest on Joe; and Mr. Stradbroke's plan, if he could have carried it out, would have been to bring forward witnesses to prove that he was a man of such bad character that his word was not worthy of credit. But, unluckily, Joe was so much feared on account of his fierce passions and evil propensities, that Mr. Stradbroke could not persuade any one to come forward and speak against him. Unfortunately for Herbert, some man had seen him go into the wood just about the time Joe declared the murder to have been committed; and this fact seemed to make a great impression on the court, as confirming Joe's evidence.

Then the witnesses for the defence was called, and old Mark, gray and bent, as if he had suddenly aged twenty years, was just stepping into the box, when Tommy Wilson strode past him, thrusting him roughly aside, and took his place. The constable was about to remove him, fancying this was some idle freak of the idiot's, when he motioned him away, and said, in a loud, sonorous voice:

"I saw the murder committed, and wish to give evidence."

If a thunderbolt had fallen in the midst of the crowd, the consternation could have been greater. To hear this strange creature open his mouth and speak, after a silence of two long years, seemed almost like a miracle, and gave them a feeling of awe they could not conquer.

First of all there was a hoarse murmur, then a deep, anxious silence—the silence of expectancy. Herbert Benson had a faint gleam of hope for the first time. What motive could the idiot have for speaking anything but the truth? And if he really saw the murder committed, he must know, of course, that Herbert was innocent.

Herbert's eyes met Milly's, and hers were full of courage and thankfulness. They seemed to say, "All will be right now"—and he believed them, and was grateful.

Tommy Wilson gave one bold glance round on the eager faces all turned his way, and then he spoke.

"My lord," he said, "I have found my character of an idiot so convenient to me, in more senses than one, that I am sorry to be compelled to dispel the general delusion. Only that now the motive for my deception is over, the deception itself may as well follow. I live in hopes that I shall be able, in time, to accomplish, in my present character, that which I paved the way for when I was known only as the idiot, Tommy Wilson."

Tommy Wilson, after being duly questioned as to the nature of an oath, and giving perfectly intelligent replies, swore that he had seen Herbert Benson shoot Flax down like a dog, as he was taking a bird out of his hand, and afterwards wrap his cloak around the body, and carry it away, with Nat Greysome's help, to Lansdown Point, and following, he saw it buried.

The learned judge inquired if there had been any third person present at this time.

"Joe Lay was there at last, and helped to carry the body. I saw no one else."

Tommy was severely cross-examined, but nothing could shake his evidence. He persisted in declaring that Herbert Benson was the person who deprived Flax of life.

When questioned as to his own antecedents, and motive for adopting the character of an idiot, he declared that the world was so full of wicked people, that it was only safe for children and fools.

"And, therefore," concluded Tommy, "I played the fool, in order that I might learn how to be wise."

"It was a most extraordinary thing to do," said the learned judge; "and the way you have been able to carry out your ideas, and deceive everybody, is more extraordinary still."

A few more questions were put to him, and then he stepped down.

Old Mark was the next called.

He told the truth, and the whole truth, trusting that it would make its way; but it seemed so natural that he should try to screen his son, and his past life seemed to the judge to give such a poor guarantee of his truthfulness and respect for the law, that his words made no impression, and a kind of disdainful, incredulous murmur followed him as he stepped down.

Mr. Carthen had wished to be allowed to speak for Herbert's character; and he even said a kind word for Nat—but what could this avail?

Poor Milly was the next called.

She flushed a little when she saw every eye turned upon her, but soon rallied, and held herself bravely. If only she might serve Herbert by her words, she would be thankful indeed.

She deposed to having held a clandestine meeting with Herbert Benson on the night of the murder.

"Could she tell at all what time this was?"

"No. She left home about eight, but Herbert was late in joining her, and it might have been nine before he arrived, and, perhaps, even later."

"Did she hear or see anything extraordinary while she was waiting?"

Milly said no, at first, and then suddenly corrected herself, and acknowledged, with a certain reluctance, that some one, whom she could not distinguish at all in the dark, had fled past her, almost knocking her down.

"Did you notice if Mr. Benson had his cloak on, when he joined you?"

"No; he had not."

"Was he in the habit of wearing it on these occasions?"

Milly hesitated a moment; and then she remembered that, whatever might happen, it was her duty to speak the truth, and said, bravely:

"He usually put it on when it was cold."

"And it was cold that night?"

"Rather."

"Do you know what became of him after he left you?"

"Yes; for Tommy Wilson had betrayed us to my father; and when I left, he and Herbert Benson were together."

Milly felt that what she had been compelled to say had rather damaged than helped Herbert's cause; and, though she remembered her promise to old Mark, and took care to explain how it was that their table happened to be loaded, when they had led the keepers to expect an empty cupboard, even this act of justice brought her no comfort, for she felt that her lover was doomed.

If old Nanny could have been kept out of the witness-box it would have been fortunate for one of the prisoners, at least. But, in her anxiety to thrust herself forward into notice, and be able to boast afterwards to her neighbors of the prominent part she had taken at the trial, she added the last link to the fatal chain of evidence that was hurrying Herbert and his companion to an early grave.

"Herbert had been to her house quite early the morning after the murder, and had looked so pale and odd, that she could make nothing of him."

The learned judge looked grave; and Milly tried to catch old Nanny's eye, and silence her; but the old woman was enjoying the attention she excited, and would not see that she was ruining Herbert's cause instead of helping it. Milly explained that he was troubled in his mind by reason of some bad news he had received from her father, and was, no doubt, too restless for sleep. But this fact told against him, and, added to the other evidence, rendered the case complete.

Old Nanny, fairly frightened now at the magnitude of the effect she had caused, began to protest that Master Herbert was as innocent as a babe.

But the mischief was done now, and all her protestations and lamentations could not mend the matter.

There were no more witnesses to be examined now, and Mr. Stradbroke rose.

He declared that no enlightened jury would convict on the evidence of a man of violent passions and evil character, like Joe Lay; an idiot, who was no idiot after all; and a garrulous old woman. As for Mr. Benson's motive for being in the wood that night, it had been modestly but firmly proclaimed by Miss Lowe; and he would venture to say that, after having seen the lady, every one would acknowledge that the motive was good and sufficient. His subsequent restlessness was also accounted for. He had heard bad news, and, as he had reason to believe, had fainted away from the shock of these tidings, and had not recovered until it was too late to make it worth while to return home to bed. The counsel for the prosecution had laid great stress on the fact of Mr. Benson being a poacher; but there was no evidence to prove that he was one at this time, or that Flax had really disturbed him in the act of stealing game. Miss Lowe asserted—and there could be no reason for doubting her word—that Mr. Benson had merely joined the poachers in order to wean her from an attachment which, under the circumstances supposed to be existing then, could only be a pain and horror to her; and, if so, his conduct was easily explained, and his splendid self-sacrifice should be applauded rather than condemned. As for Nat Greysome, the father told his story with a simple earnestness that carried conviction; and the court should be aware that, in rural districts, men, who were tempted by their love of sport, often became poachers, and saw but little harm in it, whilst, in all other respects, they were blameless.

When Mr. Stradbroke had concluded, the judge summed up, and the jury was shut up for the night, in order that no influence might be brought to bear upon them unfavorable to a just and righteous verdict.

One more long night of suspense awaited the prisoners.

Poor Nat looked worn out, and utterly hopeless, but he tried to smile at his father, as he was taken away, and, remembering the old man's dream, shivered convulsively.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A "CONFEDERATED HOME."

We read lately an amusing account of the failure of a recent attempt to establish a "Confederated Home." In London five families possessing small incomes united in the establishment of a common home. A large house in the Bloomsbury region was taken for the purpose, and the arrangements for the regulation of the household were made with the utmost care and precision. There was to be a common dining-room in which all the meals of the household were to be taken, and each family had a set of rooms, which it was to furnish and arrange as suited its own convenience. There was to be one cook for the whole household, and a couple of servants to do the other work. The experiment was commenced, and for the first day or two matters went well enough. Before a week had passed, however, it became evident that to govern a confederated home would be a much more difficult task than was at first anticipated. The five families could never agree as to what they should eat and drink. The dinner, especially, was a standing subject of dispute, and the consequence was that the kitchen became a scene of constant wrangling between the unfortunate cook and her five mistresses. The other servants also found it impossible to meet the commands of their associated mistresses. Five bells would frequently be ringing at the same time, and one family would complain that they were being neglected and that another was receiving undue attention. Then the children of the different families would quarrel. Of course each mamma was sure that her darlings were not the cause of the disturbance. In short, before a few weeks had passed the confederated home became a "confederated discord," and had to be broken up.

BROKEN HEARTS.—To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being—he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure. But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY HOWARD W. LONG.

When borne down by trouble, yield not to despair;
Return to life's conflict; be steadfast and true.
The bright lamp of hope, shining out clear and fair,
Will dispel gloom and sorrow, and strengthen anew.

The battle in which all mankind must take part,
Is fought by the spirit; and not with the sword;
Though to conquer, hope even must brighten the heart;
And the soul thus encouraged, will find its reward.

E'en nature's own noblemen, suffer defeat,
And shrink with dismay, from the trials in store;
But fortune's reverses, they manfully meet,
And with hope urging onward, continue the war.

The soul that is lighted by hope's golden ray,
Will yield not to failures; but glory attain.
Though defeated at first, let not hope fade away,
And 'twill light up the pathway to honor and fame.

CRIMPS VS. CALICO.

It was the last week in May, one of those balmy, beamy days when the sky smiles down as blue as a bed of blossoming gentian, and the air is rife with those faint, undefined scents that make one think of all nature's sweet and gentle influences.

Paul Graham looked wistfully heavenward from the windows.

"It's the very weather for the country," said Mr. Graham to himself. "I think I'm a little inclined to be bilious. I believe I need a change. A day or two in the country freshens one up wonderfully, I've heard say."

How marvellously easy it is to do as one pleases!

And all the while Mr. Graham made himself believe that he did really need a change—that he needed the country.

"They've often invited me there," said Mr. Paul, looking out his neatest-fitting shirts, and critically selecting his handsomest neckties, "and I don't see why I never have been there before."

So Mr. Paul Graham took the train to get a change of air, and also to see Miss Rosamond Hillgrove.

"Wouldn't you like to marry, and settle down, Rosamond?" said her friend, Miss Albertis, with a sigh.

Rosamond colored violently.

"What nonsense you talk, Adeline!" she retorted. "It's so probable, isn't it?"

"Nothing is impossible," said Adeline Albertis, thinking of Mr. Paul Graham's beautiful white teeth, and his facility in waltzing.

The next morning dawned fair and radiant, and Rosamond Hillgrove sang like any linnet as she tripped along the pathway that made a short cut between her house and that of Adeline Albertis.

Miss Albertis was practising a sonata on the piano in a fascinating toilette of pale green delaine and beryl-tinted ribbons.

She turned around in great astonishment as Rosamond crossed the threshold.

"Dear me!" cried she, "what is the matter? A calico dress, and your hair not in crimps!"

"House cleaning," said Miss Rosamond, succinctly.

"You don't mean to say that you have anything to do with it?" cried Adeline, contemptuously.

"Don't I, though!" retorted Rosamond. "You'd better come and look, if you don't believe it. What I'm after to-day is to borrow a paint brush."

"A paint brush! What for?"

"To do papa's room with. He will be home to-morrow night, and I am determined the room shall be completed ready for him. The painter hasn't come, and I see no signs of him. Consequently, I mean to paint the room myself."

"Rosamond!"

"Well?"

"Are you crazy?"

"Not in the least."

"You know nothing of painting," cried Adeline, breathlessly.

"Now, look here, Addy, don't be a goose," said Rosamond, calmly. "I took lessons in landscape painting two quarters, and if I can't make two doors and a scrap of wainscoting look decent, why, then, my education is a failure."

"You're the oddest girl I ever heard of, Rosamond," said Miss Albertis; "and you do look so funny without your crimps."

"Very likely," said Miss Rosamond, walking off. "But I've no time to waste. The step ladders are ready, and the paint all mixed, like white, foamy cream, and here I go for the paint brush out of your mother's lumber-room."

Rosamond Hillgrove vanished like a calico dream, and Miss Albertis went back to her sonata.

Half an hour afterwards there came a ring to the front-door bell, and Mr. Graham was announced.

Adeline turned a rosy pink with satisfaction and surprise.

"Oh, Mr. Graham!" holding out both her plump white hands; "I am so glad to see you!"

But Paul, wretch that he was, did not return the salutation in kind.

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered he. "I supposed Miss Hillgrove lived here. I was told so a short distance back."

Adeline Albertis bit her lip.

"No," said she, speaking with a little constraint; "it is the next house. You can just see the white chimneys peeping out above the trees. But won't you stop and rest?" as Paul resolutely took up his valise again.

"Thanks, not just at present. I have a note from Mrs. Percalo to Miss Hillgrove, and I must deliver it at once."

"But you will call—you will come again?"

"Most assuredly I shall do myself that pleasure," said Paul, politely.

But Addy knew the difference in the ring of the real metal and mere hollow, conventional courtesy.

And she sat down and cried, in a rage, when Paul Graham had taken his departure.

"But there's one consolation," she said to herself, suddenly brightening up. "Rosamond is cleaning house in calico, and no crimps, and her head tied up in a speckled pocket-handkerchief, and if he isn't pretty thoroughly disenchanted the moment he sets eyes upon her, then I am no prophetess. Men always do despise house cleaning and all its paraphernalia. He'll be sure to come back."

So Miss Albertis put on an additional knot or so of ribbon, readjusted her artistic masses of hair, and sat down to a little picturesque needlework.

"Rosamond has worked out her own matrimonial destruction this time," said she.

While Mr. Graham trudged on, his eyes steadily fixed on the white chimneys behind the trees. He knocked at the door.

No one heard. He knocked a little louder.

No one answered.

He opened the door and "ahemmed" very distinctly.

Still no signs of life.

"Queer, this," said Mr. Graham. "The place can't be an enchanted palace, with everyone under a spell. I'll try a little farther."

He opened a door and walked in—and there, mounted on a tall step-ladder, with a brown apron all around her, stood Miss Rosamond Hillgrove, painting away at the top of a window as if her life depended upon it.

"Oh," said Miss Rosamond, without turning around, "you've come at last, have you? Then you walk off again! I'm half through the job myself by this time, and have no sort of need of your services."

"Eh?" said Mr. Graham.

Rosamond turned around with a little shriek, and nearly fell off the step-ladder.

"Oh! Mr. Graham, is it you? I thought it was the painter."

"Yes, it is I. What are you doing?"

"I'm painting," said Rosamond, blushing to the very roots of the non-crimped hair.

"I'll help you," said our hero.

"I wish you would," said Rosamond, calmly accepting the position.

And then she told him how it all was.

"You're not very much shocked at my behavior?" said she.

"Shocked!" cried Paul. "I regard you as a model to all the young ladies of the nineteenth century."

"Now you're laughing at me," said Rosamond.

"Upon my word and honor I'm not," responded Mr. Graham; and Rosamond saw that he was in earnest.

Miss Albertis waited all day long, looking up the road like Sister Anne on Blue Beard's tower, but Mr. Graham didn't come.

"How provoking!" said Miss Albertis. "But Rosamond Hillgrove always had such a way with the gentlemen! I'm glad that I'm not a born coquette."

Mr. Paul Graham called the next day with Rosamond, when she came to return the paint brush; and the fair Adeline was more dissatisfied than ever.

"I suppose, now that you've got company," she snapped, "you'll postpone house cleaning until Mr. Graham has gone."

"Oh, no," returned Rosamond, serenely. "He says he'll help; so we shall go on just the same. And he's so handy!"

Whether it was over a whitewash pail or a sea of soap and sand, or while training up the honeysuckle vine over the south porch, deponent saith not; but certain it is that Paul Graham and Rosamond Hillgrove became engaged during the young lawyer's brief holiday.

"I dont see how Rosamond managed," said Miss Albertis, when she heard of it.

But the secret of the matter was, that Rosamond didn't "manage" at all.

A DUKE AND HIS DWELLING.

The Duke of Westminster, who is one of the wealthiest noblemen in England, his yearly income being upward of two million and a half dollars, recently threw open his palatial mansion, "Grosvenor House," to the members of the "Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts," that they might view his superb collection of pictures and other art treasures. Grosvenor House contains old halls and suites of drawing-rooms which make even the largest apartments in an ordinary house look small in comparison. A hundred persons might dine with comfort in the dining-hall, while two thousand guests would scarcely crowd the richly decorated ball-rooms and reception-rooms. As we passed through the ball-room several French workmen were busily engaged regilding the magnificent chandelier (which holds two hundred candles) preparatory to the grand ball given by the Duke and Duchess in honor of the Emperor of Russia. The English aristocracy never have their ball-rooms or drawing-rooms lighted with gas, the light of wax candles being considered much softer and more effective. The pictures, which number several hundred, are distributed through the halls and principal rooms. The Duke is not only a most munificent patron of art, but is ever ready to give both time and money to the advancement of any good cause. The Duchess is spoken of as being as amiable and lovely as she is wealthy; both she and her husband delight in a display of almost feudal hospitality. Though in the heart of the West End, there is a beautiful garden attached to Grosvenor House and a lawn planted with fine old trees. The Duke traveled through the United States several years ago, when his title was Lord Grosvenor, his father being then living. A good story is told *apropos* of his stay at the house of an old farmer in Illinois, where he went for the purpose of shooting prairie chickens, bringing with him a numerous suite, several dogs and a large quantity of hunting accoutrements. The farmer, an excellent man in every respect (but one whose ideas of dukes were rather vague and undefined), seemed to think that his guest was spending a great deal of money foolishly, and inquired of him one evening, as they all sat around a blazing log fire, "Young man, what do you do for a living when you're at home?" Lord Grosvenor answered very pleasantly that he lived upon an allowance from his father. "But suppose the old man was to bust up?" was his host's next inquiry, to which Lord Grosvenor replied that he did not think there was any *immediate* danger of such an event taking place. Splendid as the Duke's London residence is, it by no means equals his celebrated country seat, "Eton Hall." He is also the owner of another lordly residence in Wales, "Halkyn Castle."

FARMER'S CHILDREN.—Every girl and boy should have the care of something belonging to them, to grow, or cultivate, or improve. When there is plenty of room, as on a farm, boys should own a horse, or a cow, or have a given portion of the garden to cultivate. Girls should be allowed to possess a bee-hive, or a certain number of hens, or fruit-bearing vines—something of value, that by care and cultivation increases and returns a value for itself. Children will acquire an interest and derive a happiness from this form of industry that will repay the effort and trial.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

REMEDY FOR WARTS.—Take a piece of bacon and rub the wart often, and it will soon disappear.

SWEETENING OLD LARD. — Take a small bunch of slippery-elm bark and put it in the lard, and cook one hour.

STOVE POLISH AND SOAPSUDS. — If stove polish is mixed with very strong soapsuds, the lustre appears immediately, and the dust of the polish does not fly around as it usually does.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF.—Wash the scalp frequently with bay rum and borax, which will raise a lather, and rinse off with cold water. Borax and water will answer, if you do not wish to use the bay rum.

TO RENOVATE VELVET.—Wet a clean sponge in warm soapsuds, squeeze it quite dry in a cloth, and wipe the velvet with it thoroughly; then pass the velvet over the edge of a hot flat-iron, the wrong side next the iron.

SICK HEADACHE.—Two teaspoonsful of finely powdered charcoal, drank in a half tumbler of water, will often give relief to the sick headache when caused, as in most cases it is, by super-abundance of acid on the stomach.

PURPLE INK.—A beautiful purple ink is made by boiling one ounce of ground logwood in one and a half pints of soft water, and half an ounce of pulverized alum. Boil twenty minutes, strain, and bottle for use. Keep the air out, and it will keep a long time.

TO CLEAN OLD OIL PAINTINGS.—Take a piece of soft flannel, put it in warm water, and squeeze it till it feels dry, then dip it gently in some very finely pulverized French chalk, and rub the surface with the flannel. Next wash the surface with a clean sponge and water, and dry with a piece of soft wash-leather.

TO PREVENT STAIR CARPETS FROM WEARING.—Place a slip of paper under them, at and over the edge of every stair, which is the part where they wear first. The strips should be, within an inch or two, as long as the carpet is wide, and about four or five inches in breadth. A piece of old carpet answers the purpose better than paper, if you have it.

TO REMOVE SCORCH MARKS.—If linen has been scorched, and the mark has not penetrated entirely through so as to damage the texture, it may be removed by the following process: Peal and slice two onions, and extract the juice by squeezing or pounding. Then cut up half an ounce of white soap, add two ounces of fuller's earth, and mix them with the onion juice and half a pint of vinegar. Boil this composition well; then spread it, when cool, over the scorched part of the linen, and let it dry on; afterwards wash out the linen, and the mark will be found to have been removed.

TO MAKE CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—We give two methods. 1. Reduce two ounces of chocolate (not sweet) to fine powder by scraping, and add to it two pounds of finely powdered sugar; moisten the paste with clear water, and heat it over a fire until it runs smooth and will not spread too much when dropped out of the vessel; then drop it regularly on a smooth plate. 2. Mix well together two cups of molasses, two-thirds cup of sugar, half a cup of milk, half a cake of Baker's chocolate, grated, and a piece of butter as large as an egg. Boil about half an hour, pour in buttered pans, and just before it is cool, square it.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia: "Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott. This is the first volume of an entirely new and cheap edition of the Waverly Novels, now in course of publication by this firm.

Also, from T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia: "Miriam, the Avenger; or, The Missing Bride," being the initial volume of a new and cheap edition of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's novels.

GOOD PARLIAMENTARY SUGGESTIONS.

The London *Punch* proposes to add the following clauses to the next "Women's Rights'" bill that may be presented to the House of Commons:

"Any married man taking advantage of his possession of a latch-key, by returning home at two in the morning from a dinner with a friend at his club, will be rated by his wife as 'an unfeeling monster,' and will be liable to a penalty not exceeding a new bonnet. Any unmarried man, being at the time engaged to be married, waltzing with any female other than his future wife or sister, will be rated by said future wife as 'a cold-hearted flirt,' and will be liable to a penalty of a letter of not less than ten sides of note-paper, the writing on which has been crossed and recrossed. Any married man failing to remember the anniversary of his marriage, or the birthday of his wife, will be rated by his wife as 'false and cruel,' and will be liable to a penalty of a dinner at home not exceeding cold mutton. Any unmarried man, having unmarried sisters, refusing to accompany sisters (when desired) to the park or the opera, will be rated by them 'a selfish creature,' and will be liable to a penalty not exceeding all the new waltzes played on the piano in the room adjoining his study during the busiest hours of the day. Any married man refusing, at the proper season, to take his family to the seaside, will be rated by his wife as 'a brute,' and will be subject to the penalty of not less than a month's discomfort, caused by an invasion of whitewashers and carpet-cleaners. Any unmarried man, taking down an intellectual unmarried female to dinner, failing to pay proper attention to that intellectual unmarried female's critical conversation, in order that he may flirt with his other neighbor at the table, will be rated by said intellectual unmarried female as 'empty-headed,' and will be liable to the heaviest penalty of which the laws of the land may hereafter admit."

To be unkind or rude to others, and yet expect to be treated by them with courtesy and affection, is as selfish as it is absurd.

WE suffer more from anger and grief, than for the very things for which we anger and grieve.

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THANKSGIVING.

When the summer is past, and the beauty and bloom of the harvest garnered, while with full hands and warm hearts the year draws near its close, it is meet that we return thanks to the Giver of all good gifts for the rich largess of His seasons, that we settle our balance due of gratitude, and with a clear page open the reckoning of the year to come.

It must be admitted that but little of the spirit in which this anniversary was originally framed remains at the present day, and that Thanksgiving Day has somehow gained a special meaning as a day for family gatherings, and for being merry generally.

There's a deep fund of vitality in the human breast, and the most solemn or most sorrowful observance cannot induce a majority of the people to wear long faces and penitential hearts. And who can blame them? We have all legitimate causes enough for depression, without suffering ourselves to be legislated into the blues, while our hearts are merry and our horizons clear. The right to laugh or cry is one of the reserved rights of the people, not delegated to Congress, but retained as a constituent of individual freedom; so if we find indecorously joyful faces shaming the solemn occasion, we can console ourselves with the reflection that laughter is better than tears, and that the making a happy people is the crowning glory of a good government.

But now joy is our business. We celebrate the good that has come unto us, and God is best thanked for His gifts by clear brows and smiling faces. Then let us shout and be merry, eat our fill, and laugh to our heart's content, while east and west, north and south, the wail of the turkey is heard in the land.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY F. F.

There are plenty of things for ladies, as everybody knows; but oh! the torment of finding a suitable *male* present. There are cigar cases, to be sure, in every form of elaboration and adornment; and there are purses, too—but, unfortunately, they are too suggestive, just now, of melancholy reflections; and there is the unfailing resource of a pair of slippers, or a guard-chain; and having enumerated all these, I will leave it to anybody if I have not exhausted the list. What Christmas gift can we make a gentleman?

Mittens they don't seem to fancy; and gloves and neckties need measuring and fitting, which, of course, makes us faint to think of; night-caps they all look like frights in—what's to be done? There are books, to be sure; but if the male recipient be a bachelor, who migrates from one lodging-house to another every time his coffee is weak, or his beef over or under-done, he will be apt to consider their freight an unmitigated nuisance, in which case the final destination of your book will be an auction room. Or he may keep the guard-chain (which, possibly, you may prefer to give him) until after he is married. Some day his wife, rummaging among his old traps, will hold it up between her thumb and finger with, "What's this thing, Bob?" Bob will reply, as he stops sharpening his razor, "That? Ha! ha! by Jove! it's a chain a woman gave me who was once desperately in love with me; give it to Willie to play horse with!" Whereupon Bob and his wife laugh heartily, winding up with a kiss.

But the children—heaven for ever bless 'em—you can't make a mistake *there*. All is fish that comes to their all-embracing net. Dolls, rocking-horses, marbles, balls, tops, kites, arks; it is a lovely way of finding out how brightly black, blue, and hazel eyes can shine. No questioning your motive, or the probable cost of your gift—no invidious comparisons with your possible presents in other quarters; they are satisfied and ecstatically happy for the time.

And as to your wife—"Lives there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said," I wish there was anything half pretty enough, or good enough for my faithful, true wife? If there is such a wretch, may he always arrive at the ferry just as the boat is out of jumping distance; may his umbrella turn inside out when he tries to hold it right side up; may bank hours be over when he wants a check cashed; may some lady acquaintance insist upon stopping to talk with him every time he lights his cigar in the street; may his baby cry persistently and uproariously all Sunday, while he is at home trying to enjoy himself; and may he lose his pocket-handkerchief, or leave it at home, some 25th of December, when he has a cold.

Child penury weighs down the heart itself, and though it sometimes be endured with calmness, it is but the calmness of despair.

HEART AND SOUL.

BY LITTLE ONE.

"Two souls with but a single thought,"
Alas! how very rare—
Again, "two hearts that beat as one,"
Alas! how few they are.

All general rules exceptions have;
All maxims are not true;
Souls are that think and hearts that beat,
As one and not as two.

Unity of thought is such
As mortals seldom have,
But unity of heart is sure
To be forgot by love.

Two living hearts are oft times seen,
Pursuing hand in hand,
Life's thorny pathway, peaceful led
By affection's mystic wand.

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

No. 9.—THANKSGIVING DAY.

The festivals and holidays of olden times gradually give place to the red-letter days of modern calendars. The superstitious, credulous notions of former eras are forced, by the onward march of education, to surrender to the true impulse of humanity and affection. Hence Thanksgiving Day has its gentle mission to all. Our memories reverse the action of the wheels of time, and creeping thoughtfully back again to Thanksgiving Days that were, surround with a holy atmosphere of love the days that are and the hope of days to come.

An empty chair; a vacant corner; a portrait hanging on the wall; some little piece of ornamental work, designed by one whose memory is dear; a lock of hair; a worn and faded scrap of writing, perhaps—treasures which no money can buy, but to which our hearts cling faithfully in the divine hope of that bright day of Thanksgiving when love shall be infinite and life eternal—these are the idols of many hearts to-day.

Or if no sorrow has come—if happiness is unbroken and hope complete in the expectation of some coming footstep at the door—there is yet some thought of partings that must one day be, and sympathy with others, whose hopes are more distant and whose hearts are sad.

This morning my eyes wander to a window opposite, and my thoughts take a grand leap backwards—five years, I think—when I obtain a glimpse of Clara Heyworth's face—Clara as she used to be, all happiness and life. Five years have changed her very much, indeed. Her eyes have lost their brightness, her cheeks their color, and her lips the merry smile which played upon them so often when her eyes met mine across the street from window to window, in the days that are past and gone.

Poor Clara! That Thanksgiving Day of which I am writing now was a peaceable, pleasant one. The family was united. Her brother Ross had returned from a distant city, bringing with him a friend and business companion to share the hospitality of his home.

Hugh Middleton was, indeed, made welcome. Clara and Ross tried to outdo each other in polite attentions to their visitor, while their parents—their kindly welcome was extended to Ross' friend in the same measure as towards Ross himself.

If there is one pleasure we experience greater than all others during our absences from home, it is that of feeling thoroughly welcome at the home of a dear friend. It is itself the proof of sincere friendship, for without such welcome we are sometimes apt to think harshly of the world and to grow misanthropic under the cares of business life.

But, after all, there is danger in a free and hearty welcome. There is danger in the casting aside of all reserve, when one of the family is a young, confiding, generous hearted girl, and the visitor a handsome young man, full of adventurous anecdote, satirical and vain.

I was not at all surprised to notice the growing familiarity between Clara and her brother's visitor. I had accustomed myself to read the ever-changing expression of the face, and Clara's animated features told me of a love that had dawned in her young life—of a strange feeling which perplexed her during his absence from her, and made her quite happy in his society alone.

That Thanksgiving Day was filled with quiet joy. Blessed with the love of fond parents and an affectionate brother, and the presence of one who was gaining rapidly a place in her esteem, although she knew it not, superior to either, of the long loved and loving ones—Clara commenced that day a new existence brimful of hope and trust and pleasant thoughtfulness.

Does she remember it to day, I wonder? Undoubtedly, she does. Her quiet, pale face looks wistfully from the casement yonder, waiting, waiting, ever patiently waiting, for a sight of the well-remembered face that does not greet her as of old.

It was upon that day of thanksgiving that Hugh Middleton declared his love, and she, confiding in him then, and always since, answered his look of fond entreaty with a tell-tale blush. There was no more mistaking her own heart then. No more soft denial to her conscience, cheating herself with the notion that she merely cared for him as her brother's friend. She gave him her heart, I knew, unquestionably his, and passed from the old to the new life of woman's love, and trust, and tenderness.

He prolonged his stay to the uttermost limit. Indeed, she would have lived that life forever, but this was not possible, she knew. Do not leave-takings strengthen love? Would the human heart surrender itself so easily if it were not for the knowledge of some trial to be borne? I think we like to suffer the pang which parting gives, and anticipate it, too, to realize the full of present joys, and to live in expectation of their sweet renewal!

But the hour of parting came. Time is no laggard; his steps are hastened, rather, when dreaded days are in store. We cannot cheat ourselves into the belief that to-day is only yesterday, and if we did, to-morrow will become to-day, none the later, none the less speedily, and just before Christmas that dreadful to-morrow came.

The evening passed pleasantly but sadly with them, and the morning brought with it the knowledge that bitterness was in the cup. Then there was a good-bye at the door, an affectionate caress, a little maiden struggling to hide her tears, comforting promises to write soon and often, and he was gone.

Gone for a year, perhaps longer—a whole year to live through with a lonely heart. He of whom she had never dreamed a few short months ago!

It is strange how easily we take new idols to our hearts—how much we miss them and crave for them when they are shattered or removed! Well, a child will accept a toy which it never needed before, but when that toy is rudely torn away, is it not the very and the only one it needs?

Clara cried a little, then suddenly comforted herself with the hope of an early letter, then cried again, wondering if he would remain true to her as she should to him, and wondering how many days she must count before she began to count the days toward his coming back again.

But after a week she grew more hopeful, expecting a letter would come. And it did. Never was letter read more eagerly or more often than that one was. And what a long time the answer took to write! She had so much to say, and yet so little.

But the beginning was the hardest part of all. Was he "Dear Hugh," or "Dearest"—but the "dearest" implied that there was more than one, so "Dear Hugh" was written at last. No; that would scarcely do. She called her brother "Dear Ross," and that was too cold an expression to use to him. He called her "My Own Darling," but, of course, she must be more reserved. What could she write—and she went through all the forms, from "Respected Sir" to "My Own True Love." What terribly puzzling things these first love letters are to write!

She settled it at last. It was "Dear Hugh," no more, no less—and she was right. If any tenderness can be melted into words, it is into that one hopeful, trustful, affectionate word, "dear." There is neither affectation nor exaggeration in it. It can pass from son to father, from father to son, between close companions, between husband and wife, between lover and lover. There is no more affectionate word than the little word "dear." It is one of the first words that children learn, and one of the last we use when we pass away forever from the loving hands that smooth our dying bed.

How eagerly the letter carrier was watched for after that. He came but seldom, and the gaps grew longer between; and all the roses faded from her cheeks when he ceased to come at all.

Her future Thanksgivings were not fraught with the same peaceful love and trust, and one by one her friends all passed away, until none but her brother Ross remained to her; and Hugh had become a remembrance only, unheard of now, and yet forgotten never.

Is it women, I wonder, or men, who love most lightly, loving well? I think the business perplexities and anxieties of men do much toward lightening absent love. I think the relief they find in female society does much toward forgetfulness of past associations; but I think that woman's present love is her future love, until it is found worthless and abased, and sometimes even after that, despite all fault and all forfeiture.

I do not mean that love sores are never healed, or that first love is true love always; indeed, I believe the contrary to be the rule, but I do think that absence makes woman's heart grow fonder, while men's hearts often swerve from their allegiance when business cares and duties call them from the shrine.

It is Thanksgiving day again. Clara is resigned, but thoughtful. Her pale face appears at the window. She is very sorrowful; and this leads me to think of those past times, also, when Clara's bright eyes were freely turned to mine across the street, from window to window, and of the Thanksgiving days between sad weary days—and of to-day—she is so sorrowful, so sad.

If it is true that misfortunes never come singly, it is also true that the darkest hour is the hour before morning dawns. The morning came in this darkest hour to Clara, and on this anniversary of her love's surrendering.

A strange knocking at the door, a hurried answering, a well-remembered step, and an embrace! Was she not well paid for all those years of waiting, in the joys of that one moment of felicity?

It was Hugh—Hugh Middleton returned—but, oh! so poor, so changed, but yet so faithful to his love.

He had fallen in life's battle—that was the reason of his long delay. He had lost all, gained nothing, preserved nothing but a remembrance—that of Clara's promise, Clara's love.

Crushed and broken down, he had neglected the impulsive correspondence of his earlier years of absence. Yet in his weariness of life he seeks the home of his friend, doubtful of his reception there, doubtful even of his love!

Need I speak of his reception there, or of the color that came again to Clara's cheek, and made her five years younger; or that Ross has undertaken to give his friend another starting, and that Clara has agreed to share the journey with him?

And so this day of Thanksgiving is brighter than the last, and all the sorrowful ones are forgotten. There are only two left to remember henceforth and forever—that one and this.

From my window I have shared her sorrows secretly, and I am proud to know that her lane has had its turning, that her day of rejoicing and thankfulness has come at last!

KEEP IT TO YOURSELF.

You have trouble—your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguished; but, when the coals are scattered, who can pick them up? Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and disgusting things is under the ground. A cut finger is not benefited by pulling off the plaster, and exposing it under somebody's eyes. Tie it up and let it alone. It will get well of itself sooner than you can cure it. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are often cured without a scar; but, once published and confided to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient, and when a sorrow is healed and past, what a comfort it is to say, "No one ever knew it until it was all over!"

Ambition is just as valid a proof of a strong and sound mind, as gourmandizing is of a strong and sound body.

Words, like bellows, often blow a spark into a flame; whereas, the fire that wants vent will suppress itself.

Many have such correct ideas of things as not to be easily imposed upon, and yet are not ready at explaining them to others.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Miss Susan, standing in the midst of her flower garden, that summer morning, was so absorbed with her admiration for the tea rose which had blossomed for the first time after weeks of patient waiting, that she didn't see Squire Gresham until he gave a little cough. Then she looked up suddenly, almost startled, to see him leaning over the garden fence watching her.

"Good morning, Susan," he said, in that brisk, cheery way of his, "I hope I didn't frighten you. You looked up as if you had forgotten that there was anything else in the world than that posy of yours."

"Oh, I ain't a bit frightened, only I wasn't thinking of anybody's being round, you know," explained Miss Susan; "won't you come in?"

"I don't know but I will, for a few minutes," answered the Squire, unlatching the gate, and coming up the path. "What wonderful blossom is it you have there now, Susan? I know it's a new one, by your looks. Whenever a new flower blossoms you look as delighted as if you had discovered a gold mine."

"It's my Marchael Neil rose," answered Miss Susan, "I've kept it for over a year, and this is its first blossom. Ain't it a beauty?"

"It is rather pretty," answered the Squire, who wasn't looking at the great yellow flower at all, but straight into unconscious Miss Susan's face. "I always liked roses."

I thing it quite likely the Squire was indulging in metaphor, and meant such roses as blossomed out under Miss Susan's cheeks when she looked up and caught him watching her.

"I s'pose you come down to see Mehitable about that pasture-lot," said she, pretending to be very busy, all at once, pulling weeds in the flower-beds. "She's concluded to let you have, I b'lieve. There she is now, I'll go and speak to her, and tell her you want to see her."

"No you needn't," began the Squire, but Miss Susan was gone.

"I declare, she's a real handsome concern, if she is thirty-five," said the Squire to himself, as he walked up the path, to the house. "She don't show her age as most old maids do. She's real kind o' shy of me, won't give me half a chance to talk to her. She didn't used to be so when we were both a good deal younger than we are now,"

When they "were both a good deal younger," people had prophesied that Susan Hart would be Susan Gresham, some day. But the prophecy had failed to come true. He had married, and she had remained single. Four years ago his wife had died. Now he was remodeling his house, and fitting up his place nicely, and the neighbors began to whisper to each other that they "b'lieved Squire Gresham thought o' gettin' married ag'in."

"Of course he won't have Susan Hart," Mrs. Spencer, the chief gossip of the neighborhood, declared, "for she's a reg'lar old maid, an' he might have had her once, if he'd a wanted her. I think he's an idee o' gittin' Mehitable Browne, 'cause her land jines his, and the two farms 'ud go together splendid."

Mehitable Browne was Miss Susan's sister, with whom she lived, a widow, with a nice little property, adjoining the Squire's.

And Miss Susan thought very much as Mrs. Spencer did about the Squire's intentions, though she didn't say so to anybody. He came down often, and talked a good deal with Mehetable, and it was quite natural for her to think that he was thinking of marriage.

And he was.

The Squire was with Mrs. Browne for an hour or two that morning, but saw nothing more of Miss Susan.

The truth was, Miss Susan couldn't help feeling that she was in the way, if what she conjectured was true; and then it made her feel lonesome, when she thought of Mehitable's getting married, and leaving her without a home; she hadn't anyone else to care for her, and it is always a sad thing for a woman to feel that in a world as wide as ours is, she hasn't a home of her own, and true hearts in it to love her. Sometimes, when she was all alone, she got to thinking of it, and she couldn't keep down the tears. It didn't matter so much now, for she knew that her sister was glad to give her a home; but if she married Squire Gresham everything would be changed. And then—she never liked to confess this to herself even—down deep in her heart, there was a lingering tenderness for the lover of her youth—the only man she had ever cared anything for.

"I'm goin' to let the Squire have my pasture-lot," said Mehitable, that day at dinner. "He's goin' to keep a real lot o' cows. He'll be wantin' a good, capable woman to see to things, I s'pose."

"I thought he had a housekeeper," said Miss Susan.

"He has," answered Mehitable. "But he says she don't take hold like Miss Gresham used to. She ain't interested, I s'pose. It needs some one who's got an interest in the matters an' things, you know, to make everything go off first rate. Now if he had a smart go-ahead wife, he'd save dollars an' dollars worth of things that's wasted now. I wish you had such a chance, Susan. I'll warrant you'd earn your livin'. I told the squire so to-day."

Miss Susan blushed, and then the tears sprang to her eyes. She felt hurt at her sister's words. It seemed to her that she was hinting about the change that was about to take place, and showing how desirable it would be for her to have another home.

She got up and left the table; she felt lonelier than ever before in all her life. She had nowhere to go. Other people had homes, but she was homeless.

"I guess I'll go over and see old Miss Parker, this afternoon," she said, by-and-by. "I hain't been there visiting for ever so long, and the poor woman must be real lonesome, since she can't get out 'round."

So she went over to Mrs. Parker's and spent the afternoon. After tea, as the twilight was falling, she started home.

The walk was a lonesome one, and all her mournful fancies came back to her as she walked on, with only the whip-poor-wills in the fence corners for company.

Her way led by Squire Gresham's. She stopped in front of the house, and noticed the pleasant piazza that had lately been built, the new blinds, and the neat picket fence which had taken the place of the board one.

"Mehitable will have a pleasant home if she marries Squire Gresham," she said, not dreaming that a soul was near enough to hear her. "If I only had a home, I don't care how humble, and some one to care a little for me, and that I could care for, I think I should be contented, but, I'm so lonely, so lonesome!" and then Miss Susan began to cry, softly.

"Susan," said a voice from the shadow of the great lilac by the gate, and the sound of it made her start and turn pale, "do you think you could care enough for me to try and make my home what it hasn't been for a long time? I've been wanting to talk with you for some time back, but you've kept shy of me, and I couldn't get a chance to say what I wanted to. If you thought you could be contented to marry me, Susan, I—I wish you'd say so," and the Squire, who had come out into the road, and was standing by Miss Susan now, actually stammered like a bashful lover over his declaration.

"I thought it was Mehitable you wanted," said she, with a great thrill of gladness in her voice.

"No, it is you," he answered. "Is it yes or no, Susan?"

"If you think I can make you happy, it is yes," she answered, softly, and the tears in her eyes now were very happy ones.

"It is yes, then," he said, and took her hand in his. "Let me walk along with you, and we'll talk it over."

And so, hand in hand, they walked on together, and talked of the life to come, and the days so long gone by, when they were lovers. They were young again to-night. Miss Susan felt, in a vague way, that her heart would never grow old any more.

"I have the pleasure of presenting to you my new housekeeper that is to be," he said to Mrs. Browne, as they entered the house an hour or two later.

"Thank goodness!" fervently ejaculated that worthy woman, comprehending the situation at once. "I hoped you'd see what a splendid housekeeper Susan'd make, before you made a choice o' anybody else. She's plenty good enough for you, Squire Gresham, if I am praising up my own relations."

"I'm quite sure you're right there," answered the Squire, smiling into Miss Susan's happy face, every bit as fair, he thought, as the face of twenty years ago. "Everybody used to say I'd marry Susan Hart, and I declare ef it ain't goin' to turn out just as they prophesied, after all."

And it did.

A LESSON IN COURTESY.

"My compliments." How many can tell the precise meaning attached to that common expression in such a message as this: "Mary, go to Mrs. Housewife, and give her my compliments, and ask if she will be kind enough to send me the receipt she promised to copy for me?"

The ladies of Spanish America (at least, if they all resemble the ladies of Quito) would have no difficulty in giving an ample explanation. Professor Orton, in his interesting book, "The Andes and the Amazon," tells us that Quitonians put us to shame by their unequaled courtesy, cordiality, and good nature, and are not far below the grave and decorous Castilian in dignified politeness. As a specimen of the courtesies which pass between the ladies of that city, he cites the following message, sent by a fair Quitonian to a friend: "Go to the Senora Fulana de Tal, and tell her that she is my heart and the dear little friend of my soul; tell her that I am dying for not having seen her, and ask her why she does not come to see me; tell her that I have been waiting for her more than a week, and that I send her my best respects and consideration; and ask her how she is, and how her husband is, and how her children are, and whether they are all well in the family; and tell her she is my little love, and ask her whether she will be kind enough to send me that pattern which she promised me the other day."

This highly diffusive message, we are told, the servant delivers like a parrot, not omitting a single compliment, but rather adding thereto. We fear it will be a long time before such gushing messages will pass in our less demonstrative society. There is a medium, however, and something to our advantage may be learned from this example, amusing as it is. If the lady who sent the curt reminder to Mrs. Housewife, for instance, had thought of something beside her own need of the receipt, she might have remembered (let us suppose) that her friend had a family to whom she was devoted, that the eldest daughter was absent in a distant town, and that the baby was ill. Some natural inquiries and expressions of sympathy might then have taken the place of the unmeaning "compliments," with satisfaction and increase of friendly feeling on both sides.

It is often said by Americans with justifiable pride that public opinion is so strong a protection to women in this country that a lady may travel alone from one end of it to the other without meeting with the slightest annoyance or insult. This has been measurably true, and we should be sorry to think it would ever cease to be so. But occasionally an incident comes to light, which shows there should be the strictest vigilance exercised by the officers of our railroads to prevent or punish insolence to ladies traveling upon their lines without escort. Only a few days ago, a young lady of the highest social position was brutally insulted by a ruffian, in a sleeping-car on the Central Road. It is hardly possible that he could have gained access to the car without complicity in some quarter. The lady was too much shocked and terrified to make complaint, or cause the train to be searched for the scoundrel, who thus escaped any punishment. It would be well to meet any such brutality by a prompt appeal to the conductor, and if he fails to do his duty, by representations to the managers of the road, who will certainly take the requisite measures. The creatures guilty of such infamies are all cowards at heart, and can easily be deterred from them by a fear of exposure and chastisement.

To be utterly ignorant of vice is almost as dangerous as to be vicious.

Extraordinary virtues are ever defamed by those who want the courage to defend them.

When the price of true humility is considered, no wonder it is an article that meets with few purchasers.

As the heart is crushed and lacerated by a loss in the affections, so it is rather the head that aches and suffers by the loss of memory.

News of Interest

It is proposed to convert the tomb of Augustus, at Rome, into a theatre.

The German military estimates are 2,409,000 thalers larger than last year.

A preparation warranted to banish wrinkles is among the latest of the toilette delusions.

At a late Indiana wedding the total weight of the happy couple footed up 503 pounds.

Offenbach is said to have received $400,000 on three operas since the 1st of September, 1873.

The Russian Empire, according to a recent survey, includes 400,000 geographical square miles.

The average value of trade between Paris and this country is estimated at $75,000,000 annually.

Prof. Tyndall is said to have invented a fog whistle, which can be heard fifteen miles out at sea.

Political parties in France are known as the "Macs," the "Anti-Macs," the "Mac-ma-honteux" and the "Pionplonites."

In Germany the fourth-class railroad cars have no seats, and the passengers are huddled together like sheep for hundreds of miles.

Accumulations of fallen autumnal leaves should be carefully swept away and burned, as they decompose when in a wet state and give rise to pestiferous effluvia.

Of 1,000 children born only 502 attain the age of 20 years in France, 654 (males) in the United States, 662 in England, 670 in Sweden, and 742 in Norway.

It is estimated that the "hide-hunters" of Kansas, Texas, Colorado and Southern Nebraska kill 50,000 buffalo each year for the skins alone; that the Indians kill three times that number; and that perhaps 10,000 more are killed by sportsmen and those pioneers who depend on the buffalo for their winter meat. Thus we have the enormous figure of 210,000 as the annual slaughter.

On the 1st of January, 1873, the total effective and fighting armies of Germany, Austria and Russia were as follows: Germany, total effective, 1,314,000; fighting army, 715,000. Austria, total effective, 1,191,651; fighting army, 816,651. Russia, total effective, 1,568,266; fighting army, 934,690. When the new system shall have come fully into operation, France will have, total effective, 2,595,587; fighting army, 780,000.

Another Great Naval Power.—Germany is looming up as a naval power, and already comes in fourth in the nations of Europe, after England, France and Russia. She is believed to be more powerful than Turkey, and is ahead of Spain, Italy and Austria. Last week Germany launched her seventh iron clad. Another is to be launched in April. Twelve armored corvettes of 3,000 tons each, for harbor defence, are also in process of construction.

They are at it again—those weather prophets. This time it is not the sagacious muskrat that predicts, but the birds, and the bluefish and the cod, all of which by lingering longer than their usual time of departure are supposed to foretell a mild winter. Much they know about it! They enjoy the mild autumn like the rest of us, but what is to come only "Old Probabilities" knows, and he can keep only a day in advance of the weather.

Will it be useful to any of our readers to know how to make snail soup? It is said to be very nice. Baron Brisse, the famous Parisian *chef de cuisine*, gives the following receipt: Take one hundred snails wash them well, boil them with pepper and salt, till they can be extracted from their shells with ease, wipe them in a towel, replace them in the saucepan, powder them with crumbs of bread, and mint, parsley and garlic, then a pint of milk of almonds; before serving on slices of bread, add for sauce the yelk of an egg beaten up with oil.

A Nasal Show.—We have heard of exhibitions of barmaids, of babies, etc., but the oddest affair of the kind that has yet been witnessed is the Nose Show that has just taken place at Ottakring in Austria, where, on a platform in a large public hall, eighty persons competed for the prize offered for the most extraordinary nasal prominence in form, size, and color. The jury, after a review of the noses submitted to their examination, decided that only three out of the whole could be admitted to compete for the prize, which was finally adjudged to a competitor from Vienna, possessor of what is stated to be "a gigantic nose of a deep violet-blue." We are not informed of the nature of the prize awarded, whether a smelling-bottle, pocket-handkerchief, snuff-box, or spectacles.

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are among the largest land owners in Britain. They own 319,718 acres, scattered through England and Wales, and this land as a rule is of admirable quality. There are tithe charges which bring them in a yearly income of $453,570; they get $270,725 yearly from houses, and $306,690 from stocks and shares. Taken together, the income of these two great universities in 1871 was $3,722,025—a sum which may well make our chief American colleges unhappy to contemplate. A large proportion of this sum goes to the heads of the houses, fellows and exhibitioners. The chapels absorb twenty times as much as the libraries. Only the sums of $33,490 at Oxford, and $5,355 at Cambridge go to the payments of professors.

Telegraph Time.—The following is the manner of giving correct standard time to all the telegraph stations, two hundred and fifty-five in number, on the main line and branches of the Philadelphia and Reading road. At 3 minutes to 4 o'clock P. M., daily, except Sunday, all business along the line is suspended; and by means of a series of repeaters all the lines of this company, thirty-six in number, are arranged so as to be operated and controlled by one operator at the Reading office, who has a chronometer before him, from which the correct time is given. Commencing at 3 minutes to 4 P. M., the operator says "Time" on the lines, which calls the attention of all operators to adjust their clocks, and is continued at short intervals until 5 seconds to 4, when he opens the circuit. At 4 o'clock he makes one tap; at 15 seconds after 4, two taps; at 30 seconds after 4, three taps; at 45 seconds after 4, four taps, and at 1 minute after 4, five taps.

What The Fairies Said About "That Old Woman."

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

You know, children, how often I have been telling you about the fairies and their doings, till it has grown such a habit with me that I know when it is time to write you a story, very much as I know when it is time for my dinner; so the other night I sat by the fire trying to decide whether I should tell you about a golden egg that hatched out little goblins, or a green dragon that took bad boys to ride, when I heard a muttering and whispering in one corner of my room, which somewhat startled me.

"I should like to know what that old woman means by it," sputtered a wrathful little voice; "on my honor, as an elf, I feel very much like chastising her for her impertinence."

"To think," said a second voice, "that she has no delicacy, this monster; but drags us all before the public, even the ladies, though she knows that fairies like privacy and retirement; but, my dear goblin, do tell me how it came out."

Now, children, you can imagine how curious I was. Here were two small people calling each other goblin and elf in my very room, under my very nose, and talking about a "monster" and an "old woman," and in a high state of indignation over something. I was afraid to stir, lest I should alarm them; and though I had raised my right hand, just about to scratch my nose, I did not venture to take it down, but held it there, wondering what was to come next.

"You are to know," continued the voice, "that one of our brook-goblins, having been on a bit of a spree at a freshet that swept away a mill and four houses, was coming home at night so tired that he lay down in the forest to pass the night, and finding himself very cold, looked about him for something in the shape of a blanket or coverlet. As the leaves were all dead, he could find nothing to suit his purpose; but coming on a sheet of paper called SATURDAY EVENING POST, resolved to make of it a shelter-tent, which he did to his satisfaction; and sticking up a glow worm in it by way of a torch, he lay down to sleep. But this POST is full, it seems, of the most delightful stories and articles that you ever heard, and not a wink of sleep could my poor friend get for reading, and laughing, or crying, as the case might be, till at last he happened on a corner where this impertinent woman writes what she calls Fairy Stories, and dares to make public to vulgar, gaping mortals our ways, our laws, our sayings and doings. The agitation throughout Fairyland has been intense, in consequence of this discovery; the council has done nothing but deliberate on the matter ever since, but are unable to hit on any method of punishing this atrocious person, who sits there now, hearing every word we say, and hesitating between a golden egg and a green dragon."

"I'll dragon her," squeaked the other voice, shrilly, and so close at my elbow that it made me jump. "See you here, Miss Blossom, you like to write about golden eggs. I'll give you one, and no what you will you shan't be able to lose it."

And looking down on the hearth, there stood a little fellow about as long as my little finger, in a green jacket and pointed yellow cap, who, while I was staring at him with all my might, and wondering to find that I was the "monster" and the "old woman" about whom these small gentry were so indignant, tossed a tiny egg, not bigger than a small strawberry, and looking as yellow and as hard as gold, into my lap, and vanished up the chimney. When I hastily popped my hand after it into my lap, I felt a sharp pinch on the end of my finger, and, pulling it out, there was a little goblin, not bigger than a small pin, clinging on the end of it. Bringing my other hand to the rescue, lo! another goblin, as like the first as two peas, popped out and fastened on my nose; and, as I danced about the room, I could feel the egg rolling about, and at each roll a new swarm of little torments scrambled out of my lap, and set themselves up for life, apparently, in my ears, in my hair, and on my collar. Just then Betty the maid came to bring me my tea and light the gas.

"Take away the goblins," said I. "Get your feather-duster and drive them out. Take care, Betty, there's one on your head."

"La, ma'am!" said Betsy, staring, "I don't see nothing. Sit down and take your tea now while it is hot."

"But how can I take my tea with a goblin making faces astride of my nose, one on each ear, half a dozen in my hair, and no end of goblins walking, running, and even playing leapfrog on me, as if I was a sort of playground? Good gracious, Betty, do take care; you nearly stepped on one!"

"But there be nothing here," cried Betty, though at that very moment two goblins had placed a match on the pug end of her nose, and were playing seesaw? "There be no goblins, as we call 'em. Missus's mad!"

And away she trotted as fast as possible to alarm the house. Everybody came running in, and the goblins at that seemed beside themselves with fun, running over their heads, and swinging on the very noses of the people, who loudly declared that they could see nothing in the room; indeed, they plumply declared that I was out of my senses, and would have had me off to a lunatic asylum, if I had not saved myself by saying that I was still asleep when Betty came in, and the goblins had been a part of my nap. You should have seen the little imps, how they grinned on my saying this; and I don't suppose there ever was a poor mortal so harassed as I; goblins on my teacup, and goblins in my handkerchief, when I took it up, and goblins in my hair, and half a dozen goblins about my inkstand, and ten of them in charge of my pen, lest I should write fairy stories. As if anybody could write with such a gibbering, and squeaking, and dancing, and capering, till I might have put an end to my life, and in despair, had I not happened to think of reading aloud one of my own stories! I knew that there were few people who could stand *that*, though I was not sure of their effect on goblins. As I read on, however, I noticed a growing uneasiness among them; they stopped frisking and capering, left my back, nose and ears, and huddled together like chickens in a hailstorm; but when I finished one story and began another, they turned tail at once, and bolted, every goblin of them, and I have never seen so much as the cap or claw of one since.

Effie's Visit to Fairyland.

Once upon a time (as fairy tales generally begin), there was a little girl whose name was Effie. She was a very pretty little girl, and had blue eyes and golden hair, and long, dark eye-lashes. Now the greatest wish of Effie was to go to Fairyland. Well, one night as she lay in bed, thinking about it, she was much surprised, on looking up, to see a little old man, with a long white beard, and a long green velvet cloak, standing by her side. After a minute, he spoke.

"I have heard you say a great many times that the greatest wish of your heart was to go to Fairyland."

"Oh, yes!" cried Effie, "will you take me? I won't be a minute dressing."

And suiting the action to the word, she jumped out of bed, and began putting on her clothes.

"Not so fast, little one," cried the old man. "I cannot take you to-night." Effie looked vexed. "But," continued the old man, whose name Effie afterwards learned was Greenmantle, "I will come to-morrow at the same time, and if you have not told any one of my intended visit, nor anything connected with it, I will take you."

So saying, he vanished. Effie looked surprised; she laid herself down, but could scarcely go to sleep for thinking about it. She lay thinking,

"How nice it will be in Fairyland! I can do just as I like there. I will put on beautiful things every day, and won't have to go milking the cows and churning the butter. Oh, how delicious!"

Morning came, and Effie was loth to leave her bed and go down stairs, for it was very cold. When she did so, her first care was to open the shutters, grumbling all the while at the cold, and then to proceed to light the fire, which task was rather difficult, as the wood was damp; but she comforted herself by the thought that she would not have to do it in Fairyland.

At last, Effie went to bed (she had thought it never would be bed-time), and Greenmantle came. He said, "You have obeyed me to the letter, and so I will reward you by taking you with me to Fairyland."

Then they went into the street—Effie never knew how they got there; she had some idea that she took hold of Greenmantle's hand, and was then wafted out of the window—there was a chariot drawn by six cream-colored ponies, waiting for them. Away they flew, over hedges, through fields, down valleys, up hills, until Effie went to sleep. The horses slackened speed. Effie opened her eyes, and saw a beautiful palace made of glass and gold, and the steps of marble and gold. They alighted and walked up the steps, where bowing footmen (canaries) were waiting to show them to the Fairyland Queen. They proceeded at once to her, and found her seated on a couch, which, to Effie's eyes, looked like a lovely rose. The chairs were all of gold and pearls, and walking upon the carpet seemed like walking upon roses.

Effie was asked by the fairy Queen to come and sit beside her, and honey was brought her, not only fresh from the hive, but by a bee, who told Effie that he had gathered it that morning. When Effie had finished her repast, the Queen, attended by her maids of honor, took Effie to a robing-room, and dressed her most beautifully; and when the Queen asked her maids how she looked, they all declared she looked lovely. She then went out for a drive with the Queen, and was introduced to all the nobility. The Prince fell in love with her, and she with him, and, after asking his father's and the Queen's consent, they were married at a beautiful church. The fairies strewed flowers over a carpet of cloth of gold, and they returned home.

When Effie reached the palace, she said she was tired, so the fairy Queen told her to lie down on the rose couch. Effie did so, and fell asleep.

She was awakened, not by beautiful music, but by the sound of a voice, which was saying:

"Wake up, Effie! What a time you have been sleeping, child! I want you to help me!"

Put to the Proof.

"My advice, ma'am, is, never to show fear," said a rabbit to a nervous friend, as they sat by their holes watching their young ones at play.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the friend; "but please tell me how one is to help it."

"By reasoning on the matter, as thus—I have a natural fear of the sight or sound of dogs."

"Oh, don't speak of them!" said the friend, with a shiver.

"I can understand your feeling, ma'am, but I should like you to overcome it, *thus*—say to yourself, I have a natural fear of the sight or sound of a dog, but how do I know that if I were to turn and fly at one he wouldn't run from me now as I do now from him? How do I know but that it is our cowardice which has made dogs tyrants? Ma'am, I have thought much on this subject, and——"

"Hush!" said the friend, cocking her ears.

"What?" asked the rabbit, with a startled look.

"The dogs, I hear them!" said the friend, and disappeared in a moment into her hole, while the white tail of the philosopher vanished as quickly into hers.

"Now, ma'am," said the friend, peeping out of her hole presently, after the dogs had passed, "I should have liked to stay to see you face the enemy, and fly at him, but I had not the courage; please tell me how it came off."

"Ah!" sighed the philosopher, still agitated, "I got such a fright; I tell you what, friend, reasoning is a fine thing when the dogs are out of sight and hearing, but the moment they appear I'll defy the strongest minded rabbit going to think of anything but getting into her hole!"

How frequently are the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a shrug! How many good and noble actions have been sunk into oblivion by a distrustful look, or stamped with the impression of proceeding from bad motives by a mysterious and seasonable whisper!

If a cause be good, the most violent attack of its enemies will not injure it so much as an injudicious defence of it by its friends.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

BY R. SOUTHWELL.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower,
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the finest and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Scenes and Adventures in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clewline.

[This serial was commenced in No. 13, Vol. 24. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIX.

IN THE FLURRY.

Tatty had not waited for the order, but buried his harpoon to the eye in the broad back of the whale under his feet. As usual, he had won "first harpoon." The others struck, and then at the quick order "stern all!" the boats were pushed quickly out of the reach of the broad flukes of the stricken whale as they cut the air with a whistling sound, barely missing the harpooner. A moment more, and the four boats lay idly rocking on the water, while a thin white line, writhing and twisting like a serpent, is passing out of each boat, making the post about which the mate has taken two swift turns smoke as it goes. Where is the whale? Heading down into the depths of the sea, goaded on by the agony of his wounds, seeking only to escape from his dread enemy, man. The eye of man is not quick enough to follow the writhing and twisting of the whale line in the tub, which seems to be entangled beyond hope. Yet every coil was laid with such care, that it is impossible for it to "foul" or "kink." Yet Dick watched it anxiously, for to his inexperienced eyes the danger seemed great. Fathom after fathom of the line was reeled off and yet the whale had not ceased to sound. Down he went, deeper and deeper into the sea, while the men sat calmly in the boats, waiting for him to rise. The mate took another turn about the post, for the movements of the stricken whale were more slow, and he would rise soon.

Dick had his eyes upon Tatty, who was in the next boat to him. He was standing erect in the bow of his boat, holding in his hand a long lance, while the captain was coiling away the slackening line in the tub. Either he had buried his harpoon so deep as to almost touch the "life" of the whale, or the animal was weaker than the others, for he had not descended above five hundred feet. He was coming, for the men in the boat tightened their grips upon the oars, and Tatty raised the huge lance in both hands. A huge black mountain rose above the water, close under the bow of the boat, and the giant harpooner planted his lance in it with a force which few others could boast of. The point touched the life, and leviathan at once went into that tremendous agony known as the "flurry," out of which the boat shot quickly, for a single stroke of those broad flukes would be destruction to them.

The "flurry!" How shall it be described—that agony beyond conception, that struggle of gigantic life with all-powerful death? Now the great bulk was hurled bodily out of the sea, to fall again with a crash. Now the flukes swept the air with a sharp, whistling sound, glancing here and there, as if seeking to strike the enemy who had dealt the fatal blow. Those men who looked on had seen the whale die so often, that they looked on with indifference; but it was new to Dick, who had never seen it before. The spout of the dying whale, before white as snow, now changed to an ensanguined hue. The lance in the hand of Tatty had gone home.

But Dick had not long to wait now, before their boat would be employed. Forsythe was doing battle with the whale to which he had fastened, with the skill of an old whaleman. The boat containing the third mate and his crew was being towed rapidly towards the east, in the track of the flying school. The strain on the line had ceased, and Mr. Weston was coiling it away in the tub, while the stroke-oar drew in the slack. They waited for the whale to rise, but did not know where to look for him, when a shout from Tatty startled them, and they heard him cry:

"Pull for your lives; pull hard!"

Their oars dipped into the water, but they were too late. Rushing out of the depths of the sea, as if hurled from some gigantic catapult, came the stricken whale. A dull thud was heard, as the huge head struck the bottom, and boat and crew were hurled into the air, the oars, men, tubs, harpoons and lances falling in every direction. Dick fell directly upon the back of the whale and slid off into the sea, diving deeper, and swimming under water to be out of the reach of the heavy flukes. He rose to the surface, and paddling gently, looked about him. He could see the heads of the entire crew scattered here and there, while the whale was dashing madly to and fro, dragging the boat after him, entangled in the line. The men got out of the way rapidly, for they did not know at what moment he might make them the objects of his rage.

But fate had not meant to save the life of the furious whale, when he was permitted to stave the boat and scatter the men upon the sea. Captain Manning saw that his whale was safe, and at a word from him Tatty cut the line, and bent on another harpoon. They had no fears for the men, as the ship was now close at hand, coming down upon them before the wind, and a fifth boat, manned by only two men, was already in the water and pulling lustily towards them. The struggling men turned and swam towards the coming boat, followed later by Dick Fenton, who, quite at home in the water, and wearing no clothing when in boat service save a light armless "jersey" and drawers, was quite free for a swim. As for shoes, he never wore them in a boat, preferring to have his feet free. A long bowie, which he wore in the place of a sheath knife, hung at his belt and bothered him somewhat, but he threw the strap over his shoulder and swam about, watching Tatty as his boat came down. This man was a tiger now. The savage blood had got the better of the white, and he only thought of slaughter. Captain Manning steered him dead on the furious whale, which, engaged in wreaking his revenge upon the floating fragments, did not notice them. Tatty leaped to his feet as the stern command "Stand up, harpoon!" rang in his ears, and with all the force of his terrible arm let drive the iron into the carcass of the monster, just behind the dorsal fin. He never knew his strength until that moment, for the iron went out of sight in the blubber of the whale; and as the command "stern all" was given, Tatty grasped a lance and at a single leap alighted upon the back of the whale. It was a wild, desperate deed, which none but a madman or a savage could have attempted; but there he stood, holding by the harpoon which Sam Tully had planted and raising his heavy lance in the air. Appalled by this strange and sudden attack, the whale did not sound again, but, with a rush which made the sounding post of the captain's boat burst into a flame as the line passed about it, he headed outward, thinking only of escape. This was the one hope which Tatty had. If the whale had sounded as usual he would have been left floating upon the water, unless he had gone down into the sea. He knew where to seek the life of the whale, and, turning the point of the weapon downward he pressed the needle-like point upon that part and threw his weight upon it, driving it down into the quick. It touched the life, and with a wild throe of agony, which cast the harpooner far out into the sea, the whale went into his flurry, leaving the boat again free.

Tatty balanced himself, and looked for Dick. He saw the lad perhaps three hundred yards beyond the captain's boat, swimming slowly toward the boat from the ship, now engaged in picking up his comrades. Suddenly the boy paused, and began to swim back, looking over his shoulder, evidently in great fear.

What had caused this change? The keen eyes of the harpooner scanned the sea, and in a moment he saw something which filled him with dread. It was a cymetar-shaped object protruding from the water, moving swiftly toward the boy.

He knew it well—the fin of a shark, hidden beneath the surface, and rushing upon Dick Fenton. The harpooner's heart grew sick, for he knew that when he reached the spot all would be over. Dick knew this, too, and turned to face his terrible enemy. All at once there was a splash in the water and the boy had disappeared.

CHAPTER XX.

A "ROUND ROBIN."

We return to the Antelope, the swift schooner which had been sent out by the friends of the kidnapped boy. With ordinary luck they would have weathered the Horn only a few hours behind the Dolphin, but fortune was against them in every way. In the first gale which they encountered a few miles to the southward of the Antilles, the foretopmast was broken at the cap, and they were forced to send the spar down and rig a new one. This took time, of course, and when they came to examine the broken spar they found that it had been *sawed* nearly in two, the marks filled with white putty, and then painted over. It was evidently the work of an enemy. Yet they repaired the damage, and were gaining rapidly, when, off Rio, examining their water casks, they found them empty, with the exception of a few in the front tier. Small holes had been bored in each cask close to the bottom, and there was hardly a quart of water in any cask. Sounding the wells, they found them full of water, which had run by degrees from the casks. They dared not attempt the passage of the Horn without water, and ran into Rio, where they learned that the Dolphin had sailed two weeks before.

The young captain began to study his men, and the only one he could not understand was the man Caspar Deane. Not that he failed in any duty, but he did it in an amateur way, as if he had often done such work for sport. Again, he did not make friends with the men, who nicknamed him "Dandy Deane," and said that he "put on more style than an octoroon at a fandango."

When the men on board ship get set against a messmate, they generally have good reason, and Caspar Deane was watched. But if he was engaged in any evil, he knew how to cloak it as well as the best, for they could catch him at nothing.

"He's wearing a mask," said the first mate, who did not like Deane. "I don't mean to say that he started the water casks or sawed the foretopmast through, but he's got a sneaking, underhand way that I don't like, and if you'll take my advice, you will get rid of him at Rio."

"I don't see how I can, so long as he does his duty," replied Dunlap.

"Do you give *me* leave to get rid of him, then?"

"He is not popular with the men, you say?"

"They hate him beyond measure."

"For what, if I may ask?"

"Can you give a reason for the sailors' likes or dislikes? They don't want him in the forecastle."

"How do you know?"

"Because I have a 'Round Robin.'"

"Pshaw! Where is it?"

The mate produced a sheet of paper, which was written with a skillful pen, for all classes of men go to sea. A circle had been described, in the centre of which was written:

"We who sign about this line say: That Dandy Deane is not a good man for the schooner Antelope, and is an enemy of her captain and her crew. We say that he started out the water casks and sawed the foretopmast, because no other man in the schooner would do it. We want him put ashore. And so say we, whose names you see."

The names of the entire crew were written about the circle, and in such a way that no man could be said to head the list. Those who could not write put straggling marks after their names when written by more erudite messmates. Some wrote their names like that of Stephen Hopkins, in the Declaration of Independence. But there the Round Robin stood, a living witness that the crew did not like the recruit.

"Now then," said Captain Dunlap, "there must be something about this man to make the crew distrust him."

"That is what I say; let me get rid of him, and——"

At this moment there came a rap at the cabin door, and Deane entered, flushed and angry.

"Why is it that I am insulted by the crew, without giving them any cause, Captain Dunlap?"

"Have you been insulted?"

"In a thousand petty ways," was the reply.

"Oh, by the way, the crew, one and all, do not seem to like you, Deane. What have you done to them?"

"Nothing that I am aware of. I have tried to do my duty like a man, and if I have failed, it has been through ignorance. I don't know what I have done to make the crew object to me."

"Yet they do."

Dunlap laid the Round Robin before him, and he saw that every man in the ship had signed it.

"The scoundrels! Do they dare lay it to me? Captain, I won't be driven out of the schooner by them, if I have to kill half a dozen of them to make my place good. If you will not protect me, I will protect myself."

"What do you say to these accusations?"

"They are false as the Koran, and I will make the man who wrote that Round Robin sorry for what he has done."

"Had you not better leave the ship, since they do not like you?"

"Allow them to drive me out? Not while I have a drop of blood in my body, or am able to lift a hand! See here; when I came up to that door I heard you talking about getting rid of me. I don't know why, for I have done my duty. I claim my right to make this voyage and take my share in the reward, and if you are men, you will not drive me from the schooner. Captain, this voyage is life itself to me. If I do not make it I am ruined, and I beg you to help me."

"You see, Mr. Wallace," said the captain. "The man claims his rights, and he shall have them. Go to your duty, Deane."

The man went out with a savage light in his eye, and marched back to the forecastle. As he stepped from the ladder his feet caught in a rope, which had been placed to snare him, and he fell upon his face, amid the roars of the men. He rose slowly and stepped into the middle of the forecastle.

"Now listen to me, mates," he said, slowly. "I can stand a practical joke as well as any man on this schooner, when it is *meant* as a joke. If you had treated me well, I should not have noticed this. But, when you come to sending Round Robins, packed with lies, to the captain of this schooner, you are going past a joke. Once for all, I want the man who set that paper going."

"What are you going to do about it, Dandy?" demanded the acknowledged champion of the forecastle, a burly fellow, who was seated upon his chest, smoking.

"I am going to give that man a thrashing which he will remember to the day of his death."

"What for?"

"Because he has lied. You think I am not a man, but I will try to prove that I am."

"Now let's suppose a case," said Jim Phelps, getting off the chest. "Suppose *I* wrote that there Round Robin."

"Then *you* have lied."

"Prepare yourself for the worst towelling that ever fell to the lot of mortal," said Jim. "I say *you* sawed the foretopmast, and started the water casks; now then!"

"You lie!"

The two men approached each other, Jim Phelps standing in a careless attitude, as if he had an easy job before him, and did not like to hurry it. But some among the sailors noted that Deane had put up his hands in a scientific way, and that when he did so the great muscles rose on his arms in a remarkable manner. They saw Phelps approach and deal a careless blow, which was put aside neatly, and the fist of Deane alighted on his proboscis with a sounding "thud." Phelps sat down upon the deck, with an elongated visage, for he did not understand how it was that he had not crushed his slight looking opponent at a blow.

"Look out, Jim," said one of his backers. "You ain't got no baby ob."

"I'll pulverize him now," said Jim, rising. "Any one got a slush bucket to carry him out in?"

"Never mind the slush bucket, if you don't want it for yourself," said Deane. "Are you ready? Come on."

Phelps came on, with a savage roar, swinging his huge fists in the air. He struck twice, and each time the blow was spent upon the empty air, as Deane stepped back out of range. There was a smile upon his face, actually a smile, as the champion assailed him furiously.

"You fool," he cried. "You are only a child in my hands, when I choose to make the attack. Look out now."

He attacked with an impetuosity which took all by surprise, and a rattling round was fought, entirely in his favor, and at the end Jim dropped to the floor, under a splendid body blow. It was apparent to all that their burly champion was overmatched, but he staggered to his feet, and again advanced.

"Take the man away," said Deane, quietly. "I am more than his match, but I am fighting to keep my place in this schooner. Jim, old boy, keep away."

The ex-champion still advanced, when Deane, with an angry cry, struck such a fearful blow that all the men cried out in alarm, for they feared that the man was killed. As it was, he was left senseless on the deck, unable to move.

"He would have it," cried Deane. "Who is next? I will fight the whole crew, one down, another come on! Do you think you can scare me, you cowards? Who comes next, I say?"

No one volunteered; after the cavalier manner in which he had treated their champion, they had no wish to assail him.

"You don't want anything from me, it seems. Now look here; I have asserted my place on board this schooner, and you all understand me. The first man who utters a lie regarding me, or who does not treat me in a fair manner, I will serve as I have served your champion. Those who wish to be friends with me, and who do not care to fight me, come and shake hands."

One by one, sheepishly enough, the men advanced and shook hands. As they felt his iron grip, they understood how he had conquered their champion. From that hour he had the forecastle at his beck and call.

CHAPTER XXI.

TRACKING THE DOLPHIN.

The Antelope rounded the Cape only two days behind the Dolphin. Thus it was that when the whaleship left the harbor of Honolulu, the schooner was only three hundred miles to the southward, coming in under a press of sail. But when she dropped anchor in the spacious harbor in front of the vine embowered paradise of Oahu, under the shade of the mountain peaks, they found to their chagrin that the Dolphin had sailed.

Their work was hard now, for it is not easy to track a whaleship on her erratic course, here and there, up and down, wherever the spout is seen, stopping only when the welcome cry of "there she blows!" sounds across the water—one day to the far north of the fishing grounds, and again the next as far to the southward. Captain Dunlap knew that his work was not easy, and he prepared in the harbor of Honolulu for a long voyage.

Caspar Deane had made himself so much the master of the forecastle, that the men, with, one accord, withdrew the "Round Robin," and begged the captain, as an especial favor to them, to retain Deane aboard the ship. They did this for the simple reason that they dared not do otherwise, so great was the terror with which he inspired them. A single glance from his fierce black eye would make the stoutest among them quail before it.

In a week's time the schooner sailed on her way. They had learned in Honolulu that the boy was all right, and in high favor with the captain, and that a man named Rodger Bates had tried to take his life twice, but without success.

Caspar Deane had only landed once while in Honolulu, and visited the hut of a noted Kanaka horse trader, who lived on one of the beautiful slopes, dotted with trees, half way up the table-lands.

The trader was a repulsive-looking fellow, somewhat past the middle age, who received his visitor with intense suspicion.

"Who you?" he demanded.

"Do you know a man named Dan Forsythe, first mate of the Dolphin?"

"Perhaps."

"Nonsense; you are Kanaka Bill, the horse trader, and the most magnificent scoundrel and liar that ever went unhung. That is the account I have of you from your friends. I have come for the letter."

"What letter?"

"The letter which Dan Forsythe wrote, and gave to you to keep until a man came who said 'I claim the letter, sealed with green wax.'"

"Oh, hum! yes. You forget something, perhaps?"

"What is that?"

"Ten dollar!"

Caspar Deane made a haughty gesture, and the man entered the house and brought out the letter. Dean gave the man an eagle, tore open the greasy envelope, and read it to the end.

"Have you read this letter, my friend?" said Deane, looking up.

"No can read," replied the man, in a tone of deep regret.

Deane looked at him in a wicked way for some moments, and then slipped the letter into his pocket and left the place.

"How the devil seems to work to baffle the best laid plans," he muttered. "It makes me wild when I think that this young hound has beaten the best man I could set upon his tracks, and in the end, perhaps, will triumph over himself, and beat me. But I'll die hard. I am going to see this Black Rodger he speaks of, and see what I can do."

Black Rodger, seated in the rude prison which was set apart for him before the ship sailed, was surprised to receive a visit from a stranger.

"See here!" he said, roughly, as the young sailor entered, "I won't have every galloot piling in on top of me here, if I am in limbo. What do you want?"

"Perhaps I have come to befriend you."

"I don't know you," replied Rodger, sulkily.

"Dan Forsythe is my friend, and although he seems to have abandoned you, it is only a show. I have received his instructions to give you all the help I can."

"That is something like it, for I did think one time that there was no faith in man, when he let me go without help. How I cursed him for a black-hearted dog, when I found myself in the "brig," after the men tried to hang me. They tried hard, I tell you. If it hadn't been for the boy, they would have strung me up."

"The boy?"

"Gentleman Dick Fenton, the chap I tried to justify. Now you mind me, boss. That boy is a good one, no matter what you say, and I'll never lay the weight of a finger on him again."

"Don't make any rash speeches, Mr. Roger Bates. Do you want to get out of this trap?"

"Do I want to? Try me."

"I'll help you, but I must make a condition, too. If I help you to escape, you will take up the work against the boy just where you dropped it, and follow it to the end."

"Never!"

"All right. I can find tools as good as you; so lie here and rot, until they send you home in the fetid hold of a whaler, to stand your trial for murder."

"Hold on!" said the man, hoarsely. "You've got me fast, same as Dan Forsythe had me, and I can't help myself. I'll do what you say."

"And you'll do well. Now listen to me, and I will tell you what to do."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GIFT OF TACT.—What a wonderful oil upon the machinery of human affairs tact is. To know just what to say, and when to say it, and to whom to say it; to know when to be silent, and when deferentially to listen, is a great gift. No one can fully appreciate this quality who has not had the misfortune of living with a blundering person, who never moves nor speaks without unintentionally wounding or offending somebody. Contiguity with such an one is fearful to the nerves, and temper, too. We doubt whether tact, in any considerable degree, can be acquired. It is born with some, and it is natural to them as the color of their eyes or hair. We have seen little children who were perfect in it, without the slightest idea, of course, of the diplomacy they were enacting.

SORROW can never wholly fill the heart that is occupied with others' welfare. Constant melancholy is rebellion.

SOME men are like pyramids, which are very broad where they touch the ground, but grow narrower as they reach the sky.

THE heart is a small thing, but desires great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMA.

I am comprised of 12 letters.
My 5, 1, 7, 12, is a narrow street.
My 3, 12, 12, is a county of Virginia.
My 6, 3, 5, 12, 11, is a county of Ohio.
My 9, 6, 4, 7, 12, 9, 9, is an unpleasant sensation.
My 9, 12, 5, was an ancient king.
My 8, 2, 7, is used in war.
My 10, 12, 9, is a token of assent.
My whole is a good old song.

LITTLE ONE.

HIDDEN BIRDS.

1. Boys never rob in fun.
2. How loud the wind blows?
3. Allegro used in music.
4. He roughly wrenched it from my grasp.
5. Felspar rottenstone is used for scrubbing marble.
6. Dr. Jayne's patent medicines.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

If primals and finals you place aright,
Two wholesome fruits will come to sight.

1. A word used by children.
2. To cover up.
3. A venomous serpent.
4. A boy's name.
5. In this place.

D. C.

SHAKSPERIAN CHARADE.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 8, 17, 2, 16, 18, 9, is a character from the "Tempest."
My 12, 3, 15, 8, 5, 16, 9, 13, from "Love's Labor Lost."
My 13, 7, 11, 18, 5, 6, 14, from "Romeo and Juliet."
My 10, 3, 12, 11, 8, 15, from the "Winter's Tale."
My 1, 12, 18, 9, 4, 3, from "Tamimg the Shrew."
My whole is one of Shakspeare's plays.

JOHN UNDERHILL.

HIDDEN FLORAL ANAGRAMS.

[In the numbered lines will be found the flowers.]

Beautiful spring-time, young queen of the year,
1. Crowned with blossoms that many a vale endear,
2. Thou claimest the guerdon of minstrelsy,
That the feathered warblers sing to thee.
3. Some ray of sunlight thou sheddest bright,
Through the murky clouds of winter's night.
4. For me get not jewels, but spring's young flowers,
That tenderly sleep 'neath the budding bowers;
5. Fair snowdrop, pale lamp of wood and fell,
And hawthorn, cowslips, and wild bluebell;
6. Tear chains for me from laburnum boughs,
Twined with lilac sweet, and the meek hedge-rose;
7. And pheasant ripe from the bright brookside
Of the grasses, and catkins that kiss its tide.
8. Why, little stars, will ye fade and die, not ever flowering last?
9. And live to charm, not drift away, like the hopes of a time that's past.
10. Oh! lily, grafted low, fade not in the blush of thy early youth,
But boldly shed your radiance forth, symbolical of truth.
11. The charms that dwell in daisy lore, alas! will oft conceal
12. The poisoned shaft, and many a hornet sting reveal.
Still, as we journey through life's way, we all may glean fresh flowers,
And praise sweet spring for her lavish gifts to this free, fair land of ours.

LILY FLINTOFF.

CHARADES.

1.

Transpose my first, and add to it my second,
A pretty name you'll have—my children reckon'd;
An animal my third; tho' little, yet fierce,
Who will, if he's vexed, with his teeth your flesh pierce.
And now for my last, it's between you and me;
Or, if you like it, the oblique case of we.
My whole is requir'd for those employ'd in trade:
I have made this too plain, I'm rather afraid.

2.

I'm a word of six letters—a curious fact;
Whoe'er can find me, will exhibit much tact.
My 6, 4, a number which, if you transpose,
Will be a number, not the same, don't suppose.
My 1, 4, and 6, will give you another;
None of these three are at all like each other.
My 1, 2, 4, 5, is one part of a man,
My 3, 4, 1, his (also find if you can).
My 2, 4, and 5, is a sort of a nail,
And my whole now exhibits this little tale.

JAMES G. PERRY.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 22.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 16, Vol. 54.

ENIGMAS.—1. Water. 2. Nothing. 3. Ink.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Plaintiff, Defendant, thus—PleaD, LigitatE, AlcoF, IssuE, NegatioN, TaimuD, IotA, FaN, FacT.

CHARADE. — Amiable — Ham, am I able? Able I am.

ANAGRAMS. — 1. Telegraph—Wheatstone. 2. Steam engine—George Stephenson. 3. Printing press—William Claxton.

FLORAL ANAGRAMS.—1. Columbine. 2. Heliotrope. 3. Sunflower. 4. Hyacinth. 5. Carnation. 6. Woodbine. 7. Calceolaria. 8. Petunia. 9. Cineraria.

SQUARE WORDS.—

READ	VOTE	FOND
EDGE	OWEN	OVER
AGUE	TEND	NERO
DEED	ENDS	DROP

DRESS	EXTRA
RATHE	XERES
ETHER	TREES
SHEEP	REEVE
SERPA	ASSET

WHAT CAN IT MEAN?

BY L. DU BOIS.

What can it mean?—that glance so tender,
Out of the depths of two soft dark eyes;
Can it be earnest of heart-surrender,
Making me blest with a sweet surprise?

What can it mean?—white hands caressing
Between them a hand that is scarred and brown;
Is it a dream?—two soft lips pressing
That hard rough hand while the tears fall down.

What can it mean?—you kneel beside me,
Laying your dear head upon my breast,
Giving me all that you once denied me!
Is it, sweetheart, is it love confessed?

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON,

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXV.

PURSUING THE DEAD.

Gloom was within the Danvers' house all day, but night had shrouded it with an additional pall outside, when Caspar Lenox once more passed the housekeeper's lodge, with his accustomed whistle, and finally pausing before the gate gave a subdued rap, and in a few moments the voice of Mary, the servant girl, came from the inside, asking, timidly: "Who is there?"

"It is I, Mrs. Manning's brother," he answered. "I wish to see her for a moment."

The gate was opened, and he walked quickly in, with his hat as usual slouched over his brows, and his collar turned about his chin.

"Is she in her house?"

"Yes, sir; she sent me to let you in."

He followed the girl with long strides, until they had reached the door of the out house, when he rapped again, and receiving permission, went in alone.

Maude was sitting by a low table with a book in her hand. She was very pale, and motioned him to a seat, as though afraid to trust her voice.

"You are surprised, and, I may presume, not over glad to see me," he said, coldly; "but my visit this time shall be a short one."

"Why come at all?" she asked. "Why not have sent a messenger?"

"You would object to those I could trust," he responded, in the same tone. "And, besides, none of them have it in their power exactly to obey me. Even the boy Walter has disappeared; but I shall hunt him down again, as I have done others. I came here, however, to question you about quite another matter. Miriam Danvers is at last dead?"

"In heaven's mercy, yes."

"Then that mercy is surely over with her ere this!" he cried, sternly. "But, tell me, were you with her at the last hour?"

"No, thank God, no!"

"So she died and made no sign?"

"None," replied Maude, with a shudder. "The bodily and mental agony that she had endured seemed to have subsided, and they thought her much better."

"Obstinate, cruel, malignant devil! She was buried yesterday?"

"Yes."

"In the family vault?"

"Yes; with all the honors of a born Danvers."

"Strange that Philip Danvers should have permitted that."

"It was Mr. Eugene's request; and they thought of him as though he were dead, too."

"Did she insist upon being buried in the old opal ring of their ancestors?" he asked, eagerly.

"They told me that it flashed like a continuous blaze of light, on the hand that was uppermost on her bosom," she returned. "I could not look at her."

"And why did the old man and his wife suffer so precious a gem to be hidden in the dust on a traitorous hand like hers?" he asked, excitedly. "I have heard an old superstition with regard to it; that the hand that wore it in life, should never fail to accomplish the will that directed it."

"I, too, have heard," replied Maude, wearily, "but attached little importance to the belief. They granted it, as I say, to their son, who is dying of grief."

"Was there anything else buried with her, at her request?" he questioned again.

"Only the small satin pillow for her head, which, it seems, she had made during the last few days of her life, when she had entreated them to leave her for some hours alone each morning; and which she entreated of Eugene might be the final resting place for her guilty head, when it should rest in eternal forgetfulness in the grave. But why do you make me go over these shuddering details, at this hour of the night?" and she stood before him with dilated eyes, as he started towards the door. "Tell me why you have come here to ask these questions, Caspar?"

"That I may win at last, when her woman's wit is no longer arrayed against my own," he said. "So long as breath animated her body, I yielded, because circumstances only made me a devil, but she was born one."

"Let her rest them, Caspar, let her rest!" cried Maude, laying her hand upon his arm as though to thrust him back by force if need be. "Bring nothing that she has taken away back to trouble the people of this world again. Don't do it."

"Don't do what?" he asked, with the old low menacing laugh. "You are neither born nor made devil, Maude; but you are a witch if ever there was one. Don't question me, and if you divine my purpose, don't prophesy failure; for you cannot turn me, but will only render me the more desperate. You are troubled, I see, so I will not detain you. If I outlive *him*, too, the time may come when you will see me a better man. So there's a substance for your prayers after all, Maude. Good night."

"Oh, Caspar, Caspar, my heart is breaking. Don't do it."

"You will secure me a broken head if you don't keep quiet," he replied, roughly, while he pulled his hat over his face, and opening the door looked out into the sombre and deserted yard. "Augh! what an ugly night! It seems to me that her ghost looks out from every window of the house to which she brought such a curse. Once more, good night."

This time she made no remonstrance, nor did he stay to hear any, for in a moment he had passed once more out at the gate and into the street.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CAUGHT IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO.

With rapid strides Caspar Lenox hurried from the scene of his recent interview, and wended his way, with easy familiarity, down street after street, now under the uncertain flare of the lamps and now in the shadow of the great houses, until he emerged at last upon the common then lying between the city proper and the cemetery. Here he slackened his pace, for the darkness had become intense. Only a few hazy stars peeping out, with a half frightened look from behind great mountains of clouds, that were ever and anon rending themselves asunder, while the wind howled in a gust of fearful passion.

As Caspar Lenox moved forward, feeling his way, and often stumbling with muttered imprecations, he threw himself at last against a human form.

"What time of night is it, stranger?"

"Well done, Caspar. We have been waiting for you these two hours."

"And cursing me as a laggard, I dare say."

Two men had placed themselves at his side.

"Aye," returned one of them, laughing. "No scholar reads a primer in his mother tongue with greater facility than you do human hearts. We were concluding you had sent us out here for a joke."

"The wealth of the Indies could not have kept me back," he answered, with bitter emphasis. "Only lead the way, Cade."

The two men were desperadoes, with the appropriate names of Cade and Wolf, whom he had readily picked up in the vicinity of Mother Crowley's abode.

"On after me then," said Cade, placing himself in front. "But, hist! did you hear nothing?"

"No, nothing," replied Lenox, following; "only the wind howling, like a legion of devils, through the trees over there, who might be holding a saturnalia over the rich harvest that the sycle of death is daily bringing them in."

"See what a poetic fancy does," laughed Wolfe. "I could have sworn it was the policeman's rattle."

"Let it be the rattling of all the bones in the valley of Jehosaphat, rather," growled Lenox, contemptuously. "You are not afraid, my man?"

"Only of striking the first person who hints that I am."

"No offence then; but we are at the wall. Where are you, Cade?"

"Here."

With some little difficulty they climbed, helping each other to the summit, and dropped noiselessly down on the inner side.

"Shall I light the lantern?" whispered Cade.

"'Sdeath, man! no, not yet; though it is so dark that I can no more find my way than if Ariel had suddenly transported us into the veritable Erebus. But see, even as we speak, a few shame-faced stars come forth! How far now?"

"Just under the hill—a hundred yards off."

The pathway now became sometimes visible in the dividing of the clouds, and the tombstones reared themselves, white and ghostly, above the dead.

"I say now," whispered Wolfe, "are you quite sure they were fools enough to put the diamond cross you spoke of on her dead body?"

"Yes," replied Lenox, "it clasps the shroud at her bosom. God gave her no children to inherit her husband's wealth and her vices, and the old people, who have no other heirs, had not the heart to oppose him."

"There's the charity of rich people," said Cade; "they'd rather take their wealth with them to the grave than give it to the starving poor, whom they might save from infamy."

"But she professed not to be in charity with all mankind," replied Lenox, with a sneering laugh. "She despised the whole human race, and if she had had the keys of heaven in her keeping she would have shut *them* up in her coffin, too, rather than it should open the way to you or me, or any other human being."

"What a Tartar she must have been. I fear the Prince of Darkness himself will scarcely be able to keep back her wicked spirit to-night. I was never thought lacking in pluck by mortal man, but I swear to you I grew timid as a child while you spoke. And but now I thought I saw a tall, shrouded form waving me back on the path."

"You need a drink, Cade," said Lenox, in a tone that at any other time would have nettled the robber into fierce retaliation. "You saw the winged seraph of marble there in the corner of old Colston's section. Here, take a pull from my pocket flask before *all* the dead begin to rise."

"Never was drink more timely," replied the fellow, holding out his hand. "Ah! that has a smack of the world we have left. Go on now, and though she should spring up and swallow the diamonds before my very eyes as we come to her coffin, I will cleave her in twain but what it shall be mine. The ring alone comes to you, Lenox."

"The ring and the pillow beneath her head," he replied.

"H— and scissors. The pillow may be filled with diamonds and precious stones."

"If it contains anything but papers you may have that too, Sir Bantham," said Lenox, wrathfully. "The ring for its charm, and the papers for *revenge*. It is all I ask."

"And the cross for the pretty gold dollars it will bring," replied Cade, with a swagger. "Perdition sieze the foul carcass under that stone, that he could not take six feet of earth to hide in without having a piece of marble over him for me to break my shins against! The stars have played Bo-peep so far, but they are as changeable as a woman, and have deserted us when we come to the pinch. But here is the enclosure, and we are before the very door."

"Are you sure?" asked Lenox, in a low tone.

"Let me be buried alive this night if it isn't! Stop, I can reach the letters above, and trace them with my fingers."

"Let me try; every moment is precious."

"Here. Now, what is it?"

"D-A-N-V-E-R-S. All right; we can go to work. How many locks are there, in the fiend's name?"

"Three," replied Cade; "I took the impressions yesterday, and have forged the keys of all but one. That is a new patent, and I failed, but I have instruments here that will remove it piece by piece though the rivets were clinched by Vulcan. Light your lantern now, Wolfe; you can shade it with your cape, and throw the light here. So?"

There was nothing heard for some moments but the grating of a file, for the very winds seemed to have held their breath. The two men stood impatiently by.

"Hurry, Jack!"

"Hurry, h—! My life on it, that the man who invented this lock had followed our craft. It is yielding, but like a living thing that battles fiercely to the last gasp."

The moments passed on. A solitary star winked at them from above, and the next instant veiled its eye in a tearful cloud. Lenox was breathing hard in an effort to master his fierce impatience, when Wolfe's hand upon his shoulder caused him to turn with a sudden start.

"Look! look! do you see nothing yonder?"

The man's voice was husky with fear.

"Where?"

"Hist! I am sure I saw the form of a human being glide into the shadow of that tree."

"The eyes of an owl could discern nothing there."

"Well, I have trained mine to see at night, and I tell you I am not mistaken. I have just seen either an inhabitant of this world or the other, I don't know which."

"I'll take a legion of them from below rather than one living man to-night!" said Lenox from between his set teeth. "See, I'll walk around that tree to satisfy you, and bring out human or goblin by the throat if it be there."

He bounded over the iron railing, and moved boldly forward to the body of a huge oak tree, some ten yards from his companions. Pistol in hand he walked around it, and seeing nothing turned back.

"Did you see anything?" asked Wolfe.

"Neither body nor spirit. How do you come on, Cade?"

"Thank God, it yields at last! So, now for the keys. But, by the eternal, it scarcely moves now! What a pity h— isn't barred against poor souls like this."

"Let me put my shoulder to it," said Lenox, impatiently.

Hercules was scarcely stronger when he piled the rocks of Gibraltar. The heavy granite door shook beneath the weight of his powerful frame, and the last bolt slipped from its hold.

"So, I felt that it could no longer resist me, and we may go down among the dead men and women of the past two hundred years."

The door creaked on its hinges, and the three men stepped within the vault, while the damp, sulphurous, sickening atmosphere threatened suffocation.

"My hair stands on end," said Cade. "Turn your light, Wolfe. Why, what is the matter with you? Your hands are as clammy as though you had been three days buried. Whew, St. Dunstan! it is as big as my dog Leo. And see, even the sealed roof is slimy with dew and mould. Could there be a worse place of confinement for lost souls than this! Row after row of worm-eaten coffins. When will we come to *her*, Lenox?"

"She must be lower down, fool. Hark! what noise is that? Hold up your light. Who are you? What are you striking at me for, Cade? Are you gone mad?"

"Yield!" cried a voice, while he felt himself clasped about the body like a vice. "Yield, or you are a dead man! You are my prisoner!"

Realizing nothing as yet, Lenox threw himself with all the force of his iron muscles upon his opponent. There was the flash of a pistol before his face, followed by another at the door, and his foot slipping he was hurled upon the floor with a force that partially stunned him. At the same moment a knee was pressed upon his breast and his arms were securely pinioned.

"Get up, you plunderer of the dead, and let us be gone quickly. This is enough to turn honest men into stone."

Opening his eyes he saw the glitter of brass buttons on the coat of the man who was roughly helping him to his feet.

"Look to the man who was shot at the door, May. Did the other escape?"

"As sleek as an eel, unless the ball that Clarke shot after him roughened his hide. It's too bad to have only one to take to the lockup, for this other may be left here, a companion for these boxed-up mummies; *he's* as dead as a door-nail. Can't you get that chap off the door. The 'possum' game is too common for the genius that could devise such a plan for plunder. Let's lock him up in here if he won't move. This is as safe as the State 'Tombs' any day. Faugh! only see what rats, with eyes like those of a human being. I shall be off duty for the next month to come if I stay here longer. Drag the man out; can't you, Bateman?"

"He'd weigh a ton, I'll swear," replied the first policeman, angrily. "Get up here, can't you?" and Lenox with difficulty struggled to his feet. "You are a nice man to choose such a place as this for your night's adventure," continued Bateman, dragging him towards the door. "If all the money in the national bank had been locked up here, I couldn't have been tempted to force that door. Take that carcass out of the way, May, and turn the keys again. Will it do to leave the body here?"

"He'd never move of his own accord," replied one of the watch, "but as the other may be lurking around, we had better take him out to the porter's lodge. You two can manage that fellow, since he's got on his bracelets, for he don't look as if there's over much life in him now."

"I should think so," replied Bateman. "Clarke, will you help with the dead man?"

"Not I," returned the policeman addressed, "I've had enough of dead people to-night."

"Come with me, then, in God's name," said the other. "I want better lights than this infernal lamp. Walk up there, you!" and he thrust Lenox ahead of them; the prisoner stumbling on, like a blind man, or a somnambulist, until they had brought him to the station-house, to await preliminary trial on the morrow.

The evidence was damning beyond the power of defence. The man who had given in his name as John Robinson was sent before the regular court to await sentence. His head was still bandaged, from the wound he had received, but the newspaper reporters, and other genial spectators were pleased with his appearance, and affirmed, that despite the prisoner's inability to plead not guilty, except as a form, he had not all the appearance of a desperado, but was gentlemanly in feature and bearing.

The prisoner had appeared totally unmoved on trial, until he had espied the figure of a woman attired in black, in one end of the court gallery, when he was seen to turn deadly pale; but with a resolute effort he had commanded himself, and had not been observed to look that way again.

When the foreman of the jury declared that the verdict was agreed upon, this man stood firmly on his feet, and heard the doom.

"Ten years of penal servitude in the State penitentiary."

The clerk's voice had scarcely died away, when a moan from the woman in the gallery was heard over the court room, and falling in a swoon, she was borne, in an unconscious state into the open air.

This woman was the housekeeper of Mr. Philip Danvers, but she had not been recognized.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE GRAVE OF TIME.

Well nigh ten years have passed away for the *dramatis personæ* of our story.

Within the walls of a prison they have dragged their slow length along, torturingly enough, heaven knows. But to the gay world without they have glided by, like a fair ship before a fresh morning's breeze to the watchers on the shore, the decade, now that it had gone, seemed condensed into panoramic vision.

For some, alas, who had made merchandise of earth's best possessions, Faith and Hope, and recklessly freighted all upon the uncertain and lawless ventures of time, the doomed craft had gone out on the treacherous deep, and been wrecked in eternal darkness.

The decree of God had been written irrevocably upon the grave of Moll: "*The iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me.*"

Nothing fancy now, Moll, in a winding sheet, with the earth worms that consume this mortal body of ours, for she has been mouldering in the dust these eight years past. But that Walter still lived—a constant reminder of her tragic fate—the fact that she had ever had existed would have been forgotten in Rochester Leslie's house. It is true, she had remained there, too ill to be removed, until after the trial and conviction of the burglars, from whom she received the wound that had caused her death; but she had struggled so successfully to hide her suffering, that she had been declared in court out of all danger from the shot. She had been somewhat suspected of complicity in the scheme of robbery, but to the blundering confusion and ignorance of the boy she owed her exemption. The policeman gave the tangled narrative of the child about the meeting in the alley, and somebody "leavin' the winder open," and had endeavored to investigate the matter; but Walter talked unintelligibly about "her" and "Moll," until the affair became enveloped in more confusion than ever. He had even been led into Moll's room, where she lay ill, but the ghastly white face had no look that belonged to the terrible Moll of his early recollections, and he drew back with an awe-stricken whisper: "'*Tain't this ere one.*"

The policeman had a confused recollection of this woman rushing past them, on the night of the attempted robbery, and of the enraged fury of the robber when he had fired, but their mutual exclamations they had lost sight of. Her sufferings were frequently torturing beyond endurance, and a great pity had taken possession of the prosperous and happy family for the poor and unfortunate girl who had come to such grief in their employment. First-class medical aid was called in, and each member of the household went daily to see her; but through it all she had remained strangely reticent. When not moaning with pain, she usually lay with her face half hid beneath the pillows; so motionless and quiet that they sometimes doubted whether she was alive or not.

"You can console yourself, Martha, with the thought that the wretches who caused you to suffer so much, have incurred the penalty of their misdeeds," said Miss Letsom, the governess, as she came in one day. "They are sentenced to a long term in the State prison, which is lenient enough, for if ever villains deserved hanging they did." But there was no look of triumph in Martha Stone's white face, as she turned away her head, and the next instant she had burst into such a passionate fit of weeping, that Miss Letsom grew alarmed.

"It is so bad to be shut up, even in a house like this, and never be able to go out," she explained. And Miss Letsom declared on her return to the family circle that Martha Stone was a creature of excellent feelings. Evelyn was her most frequent visitor, however; always carrying some delicacy, and saying in her sweet, childish manner, "how sorry mamma and papa were for her."

"And you only should see the poor, ragged boy, Martha," she said. "He gave his name as Walter, nothing but Walter; and the policeman thought from his story, that you might be the same wicked girl who carried me off that night; but I knew better. Miss Letsom says you are an honest, good girl."

And Martha had cried again at this, until her wounds bled afresh, and restoratives had to be administered.

As soon as she could sit up, and move about her room, she declared that she could not breathe freely where she was, and petitioned so earnestly to be taken to one of the public hospitals, that her request was at length granted.

Mr. Leslie gave her a liberal allowance, and the ladies bestowed some handsome presents, but she seemed never at ease until the house and its occupants were out of sight. In her ward at the hospital she soon rallied sufficiently to require no further medical aid. When she was strong enough to go out in the street, she stated that she had found a home, where she could work a little, and would be "taken care of if she fell sick again," and hiring a dray for the removal of her luggage, had been heard of no more.

Never, perhaps, had a more ghostly vision appeared to Mother Crowley, than when Moll opened the door of the old room, and, after staring about her for a moment, tottered forward, with a piteous wail, and, yes, actually clasped Mother Crowley in her arms. Could anything be more unlike the Moll who had left here not a year before, in absolute defiance of all authority, save that imposed upon her by her outlawed husband?

Something like a tear moistened the lurid rims of the old woman's eyes, as she rocked herself to and fro, muttering: "My Caspar! My poor Caspar! When is *he* a-comin'? I can't go to my grave until I have brought them face to face, and the wicked father sees what *I* have made of the son; but I did not mean to make *you* suffer, Caspar—you who have been the comfort and *revenge* of all these years—indeed I did not, for I have loved you, my poor, headstrong boy!"

Yes, loved him to his ruin, as the father had well nigh been, in years gone by. Small comfort in this, Mother Crowley!

And as the days went by, and the old woman sat listening for the footsteps that came not; and watching Moll's white face, from which the lights died one by one, until scarcely aught but parchment skin and bones were left to battle with the fallen spirit that struggled to escape, who shall say but that the moans and lamentations uttered by her shriveled lips were the wearing repetition of remorseless thoughts that foreshadow the hereafter of those who sin, until the spirit of God ceases to strive for their redemption!

Always sorrowing, yet never after the godly sort, she lived on in her hovel, scarcely ever knowing the days of the week or even the seasons of the year, except as she suffered from the extremes of heat or cold; soulless and impotent, yet with all the vindictive fury of relentless diabolism, mouthing her eternal threats of "vengeance," as though she wielded the sceptre of Catharine de Medeci, or that other cruel Catharine of Russia, and would knout or torture or massacre her victims at will.

Once only a message had been brought them, that the convict Payne was believed to be dying in prison, and wished to see them. A hectic flush lit up Moll's face for the first time in weeks, and calling up all her strength for the exertion, she appeared the shadow of her old self, until, passing through the sombre penitentiary, she beheld the once powerful robber, wasted to a shadow, lying, in his felon's garb, upon a bed of straw, when she sank down upon the hard floor beside him, with a look that alarmed him more immediately for *her*, hardened and selfish as he had always been.

Yet, even now, as she observed the shocked, or perhaps temporarily repentant expression that rested upon his usually sullen and defiant countenance, with the instinct of sparing pain to a beloved object, common to the lower orders of the animal creation, she whispered:

"'Tain't what you all done, Ned. I think it is my old cough as is carrying me away so fast. You ought to have knowed, though, as I wasn't a tellin' on you."

"Hush!" he whispered, in a tone that sounded like the notes of a cracked drum—deep, but shaken and discordant. "I was mad—mad as the gods always make those whom they wish to destroy. But defy them, Moll, as I do. I shall live to escape from here, and accomplish my unfinished destiny yet. Never talk of being taken away."

"It is stronger than I am, Ned," she sobbed, hysterically; "so strong, that I think it's a stranglin' me sometimes."

"No, no! you'll live until I come back—to help me, Moll. But you'll be spoiled, I'm afraid, with fine lady airs. Try to put them aside for the fools who can afford it. And now tell me," and he clenched the bony fist that Charles Martel might once have envied—"what have they done with that small hellion?"

"Walter?"

"Yes. For whom else do you think I could care a button?"

"Rochester Leslie has put him to school, and says he shall grow up to be a gentleman."

"Ha! by heavens! a just punishment on Caspar Lenox, whom I have always hated for his insolent assumption of superiority, when he knows that we were both cradled in the same school. My lot is not half so hard to bear since I know that he, too, is here, suffering the same penalty that I do. But I shall be free first, and then this mite, whom we could so easily have strangled, and who has brought me to *this*, shall be used by *me* as the means of securing wealth, while the mother crumbles into dust, and the father, impotent as I am, drags out his term within the sound of my voice. I shall bear off the prize, while he and Lenox live on to fight it out elsewhere."

"Yes, Ned, the fates have decreed that you 'shall be free first,' but when the gates of the prison open to you, it shall be that your body may be taken to the potter's field, from whence it shall arise only at the sound of the last trump."

And Moll felt this, as she knelt beside him there, and talked, while his breath came in gasps, of a future that should never be in this world—never again. And as she watches, the physical pain from which he has suffered so much seizes him with an iron grip, from which, struggle as he will, he cannot free himself, and he, too, realizes that the night may be very near for him—even at the very doors—and he rises up on his miserable bed, writhing in agony at the thought of its hidden mysteries, which he cannot fathom, until he seems already to be realizing its direst tortures.

"Leave me, in God's name!" he cries at last, with hands thrown wildly above his head; "leave me, or I shall be tempted to strike even *you*, as you are."

And she is turning away from him, with something of the old terror that he used so often to awaken, when a nameless look upon her face touches him with another pang of remorse, and he adds, with as near an approach to tenderness as he has ever assumed towards her:

"Good-bye, Moll. You see how this wretched life tortures me, so don't think hard of me. Good-bye, and take care of yourself."

And this was their parting.

Poor outcast! She had unquestioningly sold her life to him for such consideration as this! Nurtured as she had been, was she not as much sinned against as sinning? Yet had it been written in the decalogue, thousands of years ago, "*The iniquities of the fathers upon the children until the third and fourth generation of them that hate me.*"

Very wearily the days pass now, Moll, though sometimes your cheek is lit with a sudden flush, and you start up out of breath, as a heavy tread sounds on the old, creaking stairway. But it is only one of the "tramps," who comes to sleep on the floor, or to baffle the pursuits of justice, and the color dies from your face again, leaving it more wan and wretched than before.

Days and weeks and months go on, and a stolid helplessness has usurped the place of the quick start, and the eager glance of expectancy.

Your breath will not hold out to the corner now, Moll, and your walks grow shorter and shorter each day, though something of the jaunty air and the old, old fancy dress is left. But the great

eyes are lustreless, and the time-honored India hose fall about the wearer like an unfurled flag at the masthead. They have lost their ballast now, Moll, and you are drifting out on the dark and fathomless sea.

The "fine lady airs" come oftener and oftener, and she weeps many, many bitter tears. God grant, Moll, that some Peri may present them at the gate of heaven!

The healthy sinners, with strong blood in their veins, who lie down at night without explanation, and spring up in the morning without a thought that they have anything to be thankful for, cursing and swearing because they may not run riot over creation, without such inimical impediments as law and order, miss her now altogether from their haunts, and begin to wonder why she tarries so long. But the days and weeks go by, and as they see her no more, they, too, have well nigh forgotten her, when, one morning, they see that the frail vessel has been wrecked against the breakers, for a cart comes by with its wooden box, that has taken up the ghastly debris, and now bears it away at a rattling, indecorous pace, to that old, old-fashioned place—the pauper's burying-ground.

No "fine lady airs" there, Moll. They are put aside forever, with this mortal coil. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes.

Oh! fathers and mothers, with your children about you, think of this. Born in transgression, and reared in iniquity, then dying to be judged. For as it was traced on tables of stone, four thousand years ago, so doth it stand to-day:

"*The iniquities of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me.*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

No. 6.—SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH.

The following legend dates back to the period when the castle of Scharfenstein was in the possession of Baron Anton Eselwicke. His wife, the Lady Shroeder, had been for a long time in declining health. The Baron and his lady had been long married, and their union had been as happy as is possible in this world. The latter was still young; she had been beautiful; and during her malady her husband had remained day and night by her bedside. During the latter period of her illness her sufferings were less acute, but her fainting fits became more frequent and longer. Upon recovering from one of these, she begged her husband to bring her the gold chain and locket enclosing his hair, which he had given her before their marriage. This she hung round her neck, and solaced her weary and painful hours by contemplating it, and, by force of the association of the ideas it excited, living again in times gone by.

One evening she beckoned the Baron Anton, who was sitting in her chamber, to her side, and said, "Reach me your hand, dear husband. I am growing much worse; I feel that I am sinking, and death appears to be hovering about my couch. If this be nothing more than womanly timidity, bear with it, dearest, for my sake, and give me courage by staying with me throughout this weary night of pain and suffering."

"Be comforted, *my love*," replied the Lord of Scharfenstein, "this weakness is common enough. Cheer up; you will be better in the morning; in the meantime, I will not stir from your side. You will talk to me in a different manner when, after a refreshing slumber, I shall show you the glorious sunlight stealing over the distant hills. I see even now your eyes are closing. Compose yourself, therefore, and strive to sleep."

The chamber was hushed, and the patient lay still, and seemed in so profound a repose that her breathing was scarcely perceptible. The curtains were drawn round the bed of the invalid, and Baron Eselwicke, happy, and full of favorable omens in the idea that his wife had, at length, a remission of pain, took a book, and fixed as much attention on it as he possibly could command, and the hours were slowly away. Everything within and without continued in deep stillness, broken only towards morning by the pleasant sounds of awakening nature, which might be heard in the silent sick chamber of Scharfenstein; the matins of the feathered songsters, the wheeling hum of myriads of bees in the garden below, and the leaves of the vine dallying with the morning breeze. These, together with the strong, white lines which intersected the shutters, admonished the Baron and the nurse of the time their patient had slept. The light was, therefore, admitted into the room, and then both the watchers cast troubled looks towards the motionless and wan figure on the bed.

"She has not stirred!" murmured the baron, in a voice a little above a whisper; "she is in the same position, and cannot have moved a hair's breadth since we saw her last night."

The nurse heaved a deep sigh, and wrung her hands.

"How now?" exclaimed her master. "What means this look of blank despair?"

"Alas! my lord," ejaculated the old nurse, "I fear the worst! My mistress sleeps, but it is the sleep of death."

The baron made no answer, but at once hastened to send off one of his retainers for a physician. The arrival of the latter confirmed the fears expressed by the nurse. A feather was placed on the lips of the inanimate lady. The baron bent, with keen eyes, over it, but failed to detect the slightest motion in the feather. This, in the days of which we are writing, was deemed sufficient proof of death in all cases.

"Heaven be merciful!" said the baron. "The gentle spirit has passed away. Vain and delusive hope! Last night I was felicitating myself upon the change that had taken place, which has proved but a precursor to dissolution."

"She must have stirred during the night," observed the nurse; "though her movement was so gentle as to be scarcely perceptible. Poor lady! her hands are firmly clasped round the locket."

The Baron Eselwicke was utterly prostrated with grief when this touching instance of his lady's love was made known to him. He brooded over it night and day. He saw, in her action, the wish she had not the strength to utter in words; and, determining it should not be violated, he gave directions that she should be placed in her coffin without disturbing the locket in her hand.

It will be readily imagined that so affecting a circumstance could not escape comment; and as, in these cases, no particulars are ever omitted, the value of the trinket, which was set round with very fine brilliants, found a place in the story. The husband of the ill fated lady determined upon paying the greatest respect to the remains of his beloved wife. He caused her body to be conveyed to Cologne, where it was to be interred with great pomp.

The principal church of the town is the Cathedral of St. Peter, which is one of the finest monuments of German architecture. The interior is divided into four rows of massive and lofty pillars, and is somewhat larger than that of the Strasbourg Cathedral. In the Church of St. Peter is the famous altar-piece of the crucifixion of that saint, with his head downwards, by the great master, Rubens, who presented it to the church in which he was baptized.

The fount in which Rubens was baptized still exists in this church, and here it was that the obsequies of the Lady Shroeder were performed according to the custom of that age, when death inspired feelings of piety and confidence rather than of terror. The body of the deceased was dressed in white silk and covered with flowers. A coronet was placed on her head, and her thin, white fingers were adorned with the same rings she had worn during her lifetime. She was put in a coffin lined with looking-glass, and laid in a little chapel built in a vault beneath the choir. Several of her ancestors had preceded her thither. Her name, title, together with the date of her birth and death, were engraved on the plate in the lid of the coffin. The inscription concluded with these solacing words: "She is not dead, but sleepeth."

Baron Eselwicke followed her to her last home. The enormous bell, weighing ten tons, placed in the steeple of the cathedral, had made the great city resound with its funereal knell. Pale and lifeless, the Lady Shroeder reposed in her coffin.

It was at the close of the evening of a day in the month of December, the weather being cheerless and gloomy, that Heintz Wherart, sexton at the Church of St. Peter, returned home, after this splendid funeral; but he could not rest. His mind was absorbed with but one idea—he yearned to possess himself of the jewels which had glittered so temptingly before his avaricious eyes. Wherart had always been esteemed a plain-dealing, honest sort of fellow, one who was incapable of committing a theft. He was a charitable, well-meaning man enough; but he could not comprehend or appreciate the sentiments which ordained those love-tokens to lie in peaceful immovability on a hallowed breast. In his opinion, it was a silly waste of treasure, and he argued that no harm could come of his appropriating it; and he, therefore, determined upon returning to the church for the purpose of opening the coffin, that he might possess himself of the jewels.

Upon his entering the sacred edifice on his guilty errand, he trembled like an aspen leaf. The hand in which he held the lantern was agitated by so violent and convulsive a movement, that he was more than once afraid the light would go out and leave him in utter darkness; but the nature of his office had given him a familiarity with the building, every obscure corner of which he was very well acquainted with.

As he took his way along the gloomy aisles, the tombstones on the walls glared as it were reproachfully upon him one by one, and his perturbation was increased by the dart of a bat close to his face. A thousand marvelous tales returned to his memory as he passed into the Lady Shroeder's sepulchre. He revived his heart as best he could, laid down his lamp on a niche in the wall, and proceeded with his instruments to take off the lid of the coffin which contained the body of her who had been consigned to her last resting-place on the morning of that day.

Heintz Wherart took off the lid; then the sight of the corpse lying there by that dim light in the heavy stillness of death, with its white and placid countenance, made his heart beat violently and his nerves tremble. The sublimity of the sight made him feel the meanness of his action with double force. Heavy drops of perspiration bedewed his forehead and temples, he felt faint, and returned into the body of the church. The coolness of the air refreshed him, and he made up his mind to abandon his wicked project, but upon recollecting that the lid of the coffin should be replaced, he mustered an air of intrepidity to his brow, and went again into the vault to replace the lid.

But the sight of the corpse was not nearly so awful to him as it had been before, and his original intention seemed to suddenly move him to action. By a quick effort he lifted the body, drew the chain over the head, disengaged the locket from under the hand, and then lowered the corpse into its place. As he did this, the arm, which before lay upon the breast, fell with a strange flexibility over the side of the coffin, and a faint sigh came from the body.

Had a thunder-clap broken in upon the silence he could not have been more staggered than he was at this awful moment. He rushed hastily forth—fear finds its way in the dark—and headless of his lantern, which he left in the niche, he passed out of the vault, and crossed the cloisters and choir with the swiftness of a hunted hare. He opened the church-door to go out, when, as if to increase his bewilderment, the first thing that met his eyes was the great moon, lifting itself in unabated lustre over the edge of the horizon. It shone right opposite, and seemed looking at and coming to expose him. He did not dare to lift his eyes again; but, without stopping to lock up the church, he flew over the fields, pursued by his own fears.

A reaction, as sudden as it was sincere, took place in his feelings, and he became anxious to make a full and ample confession, and, for this purpose, he at once determined upon seeking audience with the Baron Anton Eselwicke. He had not much difficulty in this respect, as he knew the baron was staying at the Hotel de Bellevue. He made quickly for the hotel, rang the porter's bell and inquired for the baron, and was at once shown up into the apartment he occupied. His pale face and distracted appearance was the occasion of some surprise, which was considerably enhanced upon his falling on his knees, and relating, in hurried accents, the adventure of the night.

The baron, as may be supposed, heard him with wonder, but his anger was tempered with pity. The story the latter had been relating, appeared so improbable, that the bereaved husband was under the impression the narrator must be either affected with some peculiar and undefined species of monomania, or else be the victim of weak and superstitious fears.

He considered for a moment, and then said, "I must, perforce, give credence to the story you have been telling me; the more so, since you confess yourself guilty of the crime of sacrilege; and no man would heedlessly or thoughtlessly be his own accuser in such a case. Still there is one part of your statement which I find it hard to believe, and this more especially concerns myself and her whose memory I hold dear. Heintz Wherart, I will myself at once hasten to the church. If your story be true, not a moment is to lost. You must lead me to the vault into which the remains of my beloved wife were consigned this morning."

"Oh, no, no; I dare not!" exclaimed the sexton, with uplifted hands; "I dare not return!"

"Then I must tell you plainly that I do not believe what you have been telling me," returned the baron with a frown.

"Oh, my lord, say not so! I have been tempted to commit an act at which I now shudder, but do hope you will not accuse me of adding falsehood to my crime."

"Why do you refuse to accompany me?" the baron asked.

"I dare not—my courage fails me," replied the man.

"Can it be possible that you, who are a sexton, should be afraid of the dead?"

Heintz Wherart, paler than the corpse he had just visited, trembled from head to foot. He made no reply to the last question.

"You look like a man who has been terrified by the sight of a ghost or spectre. Any such unearthly visitor would move you to the last extremity of fear."

"Alas, yes!" murmured the sexton.

"Your brain is disturbed with some strange feeling of this description, but I tell you plainly that you must pluck up courage and return to the cathedral with me. This is the very least you can do to make amends for your guilty act."

"I do not deny it, my lord," said Heintz. "My duty proscribes it, my will is good, but——"

"At present you are unnerved. Say I not right?"

"Such is the case; I plainly confess it," returned the trembling penitent.

The baron poured out from a bottle a goblet of some potent liquor, which he handed to his companion.

"Drain off the contents of this," he said, in a confident tone; "it will give you courage. In the course of a few minutes you will be another man."

Heintz Wherart obeyed. Under the influence of the draught he regained a little of his composure.

"Now," observed his superior, "prepare to accompany me. You may not like the task, but it is one you are bound to perform."

The sexton bowed his head in tacit acquiescence.

"Are you ready," said the baron.

"I am," was the ready response. For by this time the sexton was fully aware that all remonstrances would be useless; he, therefore, made a virtue of necessity, and proceeded at once to the cathedral, accompanied by the baron.

During the short journey, he answered the queries of the latter with as much brevity as possible. Upon reaching the half-opened door of the sacred edifice, his heart beat violently, but he strove as best he could to conceal his trepidation. And assuming an air of confidence, he strode boldly along the aisle of the church.

"Heaven preserve and protect us!" murmured the conscience-stricken Heintz, as he approached the entrance to the vault.

"If you have any fear, Heintz Wherart," said the baron, in a conciliatory tone, "say so, and I will enter the vault alone."

"I would not have it so, my lord," returned the sexton. "I know the way far better than you can possibly do. Duty dictates that I should enter first."

The lamp was still burning. It shed a sickly glare upon the sombre walls and melancholy relics of mortality enshrined within that gloomy receptacle. The sexton, who had been closely followed by the baron, uttered an exclamation of terror and surprise.

"Wherefore this sudden fear?" said the latter.

"Look yonder! The saints be good to me, guilty sinner that I am!" ejaculated Heintz, falling on his knees, and clasping his hands, as if making a mute appeal to some patron saint.

Upon the instant, the baron's eyes were directed to one object in the vault, at the farther extremity of which he beheld his wife seated on a stone. She looked more like a spectre than a denizen of this world, *albeit* she regarded the new comers with a vacant stare, such as a person might display who has been suddenly awakened from a long, deep sleep.

"Heavens! Am I dreaming, or do my senses deceive me?" exclaimed the baron. "Shroeder, my dear wife, speak—answer me! Say, is it you? Speak, dearest! For mercy's sake, speak!"

"Where am I? And what is the meaning of all this?" murmured the Lady Shroeder, in a faint, weak tone.

Her husband sprang forward, and clasped her in his arms. He took her cold hands within his own, clasped them, and covered her face with warm kisses. Meanwhile, the sexton rocked himself to and fro, calling upon all the saints in the calendar to shield him from harm.

Lady Shroeder had already realized her position. After Heintz's departure she awoke from her lethargy, and passed some terrible moments. To her surprise, she discovered that she was clothed in silk. She glanced around, and her position was but too palpable. Instead of being in a warm bed, she was reposing in a narrow coffin. The appalling idea of being buried alive occurred to her; above all, the fear of dying of hunger, and of passing her last hours amidst the dead, raised her despair to the highest pitch. She looked with horror upon the long rows of leaden coffins; despair gave a temporary strength, and she succeeded in reaching the cloister, where she wandered about for some time; then, faint and sick of heart, she returned to the vault for the lantern; a sudden weakness compelled her to rest for awhile on one of the stones, and while she was in this posture relief came to her. Her husband and the sexton made their appearance. The former, joyfully bearing his dearly beloved wife in his arms, adopted the fittest measures for her restoration. He took her to the hotel, and contrived to conceal the true cause of her resuscitation. Great was his joy when the physician in attendance upon his lady declared that all danger was over. It was impossible for him to remain angry with Heintz Wherart, whose sacrilegious crime produced such happy consequences.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

In one respect Westminster Abbey stands alone among the buildings of the world. As time rolled on, a fresh nucleus of life—or, rather, of death—has been formed within it, a new combination produced, a larger ramification thrown out. First, it was only kings who found their last home within its sacred walls; then nobles and ministers of state; and last, the true great ones of the land, whose valor saved, or whose genius enriched it.

The Abbey, as everybody knows, owes its origin to the piety of Edward the Confessor, of whom a very full description has been given by his contemporaries; and this is the portrait which Dean Stanley has compiled from their materials:

His appearance was such as no one could forget. It was almost that of an Albino. His full, flush, rose-red cheeks strangely contrasted with the milky whiteness of his waving hair and beard. His eyes were always fixed upon the ground. There was a kind of magic charm in the thin, white hands, and his long, transparent fingers, which not unnaturally led to the belief that there resided in them a healing power of stroking away the diseases of his subjects. His manners presented a singular mixture of gravity and levity. Unusually affable and gentle, so as to make even a refusal look like an acceptance, he burst forth at times into a fury which showed that the old Berserker was not dead within him. Austere as were his habits, he sometimes startled his courtiers by peals of boisterous laughter, for which they or he could not account, by some curious vision which had crossed his mind without their knowledge. His time was almost equally divided between devotional exercises and hunting. He would spend hours in church, and then again days together in hawking and cheering on his hounds.

When in exile in Normandy, Edward had thrown himself on the protection of his favorite saint—St. Peter—and swore that if his affairs succeeded he would make a pilgrimage to the apostle's grave in Rome; and when he came to the throne he announced his intention of proceeding thither. But his great council would not let him leave the kingdom, far less risk the perils of the Roman brigands—who, it seems, have been by far the most permanent institution in Italy—so a deputation was sent to the Pope to beg a release from his vow. The release came, on the condition that he should found a monastery; and, accordingly, the "Collegiate Church or Abbey of St. Peter" was founded, which is much more commonly known as Westminster Abbey. When Edward died, he was, of course, laid in this temple of his own creation, attired in his own royal habiliments, his crown upon his head, a crucifix of gold, with a golden chain round his neck, and the pilgrim's ring on his hand—and there, we are well assured, his dust reposes to this day.

USEFULNESS OF DIAMONDS.

Many persons suppose that diamonds are only used as jewelry—for rings and other articles of personal adornment; and that they are really of no essential value whatever in the practical arts. This is a mistaken notion; they are used for a great number of purposes in the arts. Thus, for cutting the glass of our windows into proper sizes, no other substance can equal it, and it is exclusively used for this purpose. A natural edge or point, as it is called, is used for this work, and thousands of such are annually required in our glass factories. Diamond-points are also required for engraving on cornelians, amethysts, and other brilliants, and for the finer cuttings on cameos and seals. Being very hard, the diamond is also used in chronometers for the steps of pivots; and as it possesses high refractive power and little longitudinal aberration, it has been successfully employed for the small, deep lenses of single microscopes. The magnifying power of the diamond, in proportion to that of plate glass, ground to a similar form, is as eight to three. For drawing minute lines on hard steel and glass, to make micrometers, there is no substitute for the diamond-point. The rough diamond is called bort, and the "points" used for glass-cutting are fragments of the borts. Great care and skill are necessary in selecting the cutting points, because the diamond that cuts the glass most successfully has the cutting edges of the crystal placed at right angles to each other and passing through a point of intersection made by crossing the edges. A polished diamond, however perfect may be its edges, when pressed upon the surface of glass, splinters it with the slightest of pressure; but with the natural diamond the most accurate lines are produced on glass, and their surfaces are so finely burnished that if ruled close together they decompose light, and afford the most beautiful prismatic effect—all the colors of the rainbow flash from them as from the silvery interior of a pearl oyster-shell. Diamonds are also employed as drill points to perforate rubies and bore holes in draw-plates for fine wire, and also for drilling in hard steel. Some inquiries have been made recently in regard to using them as a substitute for steel-picks in dressing mill-stones. We apprehend that they are altogether too expensive for this purpose at present; but if some of our inventors would make the discovery of manufacturing diamonds as cheaply as we make charcoal, which is of the same composition, we might be able to recommend them to our millers. The coke obtained from the interior of gas retorts, in many cases, is found so hard that it will cut glass, but as its point endures but for a short period, it cannot be made available as a profitable substitute for the natural diamond for such purposes in the arts.

SILENT INFLUENCE.—We are touching our fellow-beings on all sides. They are affected for good or for evil by what we are, by what we say and do, even by what we think and feel. May flowers in the parlor breathe fragrance through the atmosphere. We are each of us as silently saturating the atmosphere about us with the subtle aroma of our character. In the family circle, besides and beyond all the teaching, the daily life of each parent and child mysteriously modifies the life of every person in the household. The same process on a wider scale is going on through the community. No man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself. Others are built up and straightened by our unconscious deeds; others may be wrenched out of their places and thrown down by our unconscious influence.

FACETIÆ.

DRAD-LOCKS—False curls.

THE family jar is frequently a jug.

HOP MERCHANTS—Dancing masters.

A BRIEFLESS LAWYER is always *short*.

A SHOCKING AFFAIR—A galvanic battery.

NEVER wait for anything to turn up. Go and turn it up yourself.

THE LAST HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE—Taking refuge from the rain in an umbrella shop.

WHAT is the difference between a spendthrift and a feather bed? One is hard up, and the other soft down.

AN erring husband, who had exhausted all explanation of late hours, and had no apology ready, recently slipped into the house about one o'clock, very softly, denuded himself gently and began rocking the cradle by the bedside, as if he had been awakened out of a sound sleep by infantile cries. He had rocked away for five minutes, when Mary Jane, who had observed the whole manœuvre, said, "Come to bed, you fool, you! the baby ain't there!"

A BROOKLYN bride's back hair fell down and fell off during the ceremony in church the other evening. There was an instant's pause, but nobody was brave enough to stoop down and pick up the mass of blonde stuff and hair pins. The bride left the church leaning heavily on her husband's arm. Her face was very red, a sprout of hair (possibly eleven hairs in all) stuck out at the back of her head, tied with a bit of shoestring. And now her pa is mean enough to refuse to pay the poor hairdresser's bill.

APROPOS of the Tyndall-Darwin theories comes in one of General Schenck's latest stories that he told to the wife of a British cabinet officer, who assured him that "England made America all that she is." "Pardon, madam," said the general; "you remind me of the answer of the Ohio lad in his teens, who, attending Sunday school for the first time, was asked by the teacher, 'Who made you?' 'Made *me*?' 'Yes.' 'Why, God made me about *so long*' (holding his hands about ten inches apart), 'but I growed the rest.'"

SCENE—Brown's parlor in Springfield, Mass.—Brown, hat in hand, just got home from a walk with his eldest—an *enfant terrible*. Mrs. Brown: "Now, John, I smell your breath; you've been drinking again." "No, no, my dear, you—hic—allus had a sharp nose. I—(desperately)—you must smell the bay-rum the barber put on my hair. I went into a barber-shop; didn't I, sonny?" "Yes, ma'am, you bet. Pop told me to stand outside and suck that stick o' candy while he got shaved; an' he went into that shop on Main street, near Wright's block, where them screens made like window-blinds stands just inside the door." Exit Brown, just in time to escape a crusade of articles of bijou and vertu.

BOSTON girls are said to be more than ordinarily stunning this Fall. The following picture of the average young lady of the Hub is drawn by a fashion writer: "They are very slender, straight as arrows, with lovely complexions and golden hair. Their rich black silk dresses and straight polonaises glitter with jet fringes and jet embroidery, the latter covering them like a coat of mail. A heavy gold necklace and jacket are half hidden in the full lace round each slender throat, and on the golden locks is jauntily set a soft, high-crowned, dark-blue felt hat, with a wide brim, carelessly crushed and battered on one side, and on the other turned up and fastened with a brilliant, above which waves a tall feather, the color of the hat." There.

BY WAY OF AMUSEMENT.—The peculiar passion of the negro for making a jubilee of funerals and their attendant solemnities is sometimes ludicrously set forth. A friend was taking a stroll one evening, and walking very slowly along, observed a man and a woman in earnest conversation. Just as our friend neared them the man questioned his companion thus:

"Is you gwine to set up wid de corpse?"

She answered in the negative.

"You ain't gwine to set up wid de corpse?"

"No."

"What in de world is de reason you ain't gwine to set up wid de corpse?"

"Why, you see, my husban' won't lem me."

"Your husban'! Well, I never did see such a husban' as you is got! don't want to 'low you no pleasure in life!"

A SAVING REMEDY.—In one of the Sunday schools of the city yesterday, when the lesson cards were passed around to the classes, the cards that came to the infant class had for their text: "What shall I do to be saved?" Selecting as the first member of the class to put the question to a bright little girl of only four summers, who, also, by the way, had but just recovered from a severe attack of croup, the teacher put his question, "What must you do to be saved?" The little one preserved silence for a moment, as if in deep and perplexed thought, and then her face brightened; she had it. "I would take syrup and alum," was the reply, naively ventured. It brought down the class, teacher and all, and further discussion of the subject was postponed.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Enough of beauty to secure affection,
Enough of sprightliness to cure dejection,
Of modest diffidence to claim protection,
A docile mind, subservient to correction,
Yet stored with sense, with reason and reflection,
And every passion held in due subjection—
Just faults enough to keep her from perfection.
When such I find, I'll make her my election.

ON THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

Of beauty just enough to bear inspection;
Of candor, sense and wit, a good collection;
Enough of love for one who needs protection,
To scorn the words—"I'll keep her in subjection;"
Wisdom to keep him right in each direction,
Nor claim a weaker vessel's imperfection.
Should I e'er meet with such in my connection,
Let him propose, I'll offer no objection.

A PARADISE OF OLD HATS.

The group of islands known as the Nicobars, situated about one hundred and fifty miles south of the Andamans, has been but little explored, though the manners and customs of the inhabitants of these islands offer interesting peculiarities. One of the most noticeable, and one which seriously affects the trade of the islands, is the passion for old hats which pervades the whole framework of society. No one is exempt, and the young and old endeavor to outvie each other in the singularity of shape no less than in the number of the old hats they can acquire during a lifetime. On a fine morning at the Nicobars, it is not unusual to see the surface of the ocean in the vicinity of the islands dotted over with canoes, in each of which the noble savage, with nothing whatever on but the conventional slip of cloth, and a tall, white hat with a black band, may be watched standing up and catching fish for his daily meal. Second-hand hats are more in request, new hats being looked upon with suspicion and disfavor. The passion is so well known that traders from Calcutta make annual excursions to the Nicobars with cargoes of old hats, which they barter for cocoanuts, the only product of the island; a good, tall white hat with a black band fetching from fifty-five to sixty-five cocoanuts. Intense excitement pervades the island while the trade is going on. When the hats or the cocoanuts have come to an end, the trader generally lands a cask or two of rum, and the whole population in their hats get drunk without intermission until the rum also comes to an end.

TOBACCO.—The world, according to most reliable statistics, smokes about four thousand million cigars each year, which is equal to about eighty thousand tons of tobacco. In pipes, about four thousand tons more are consumed. About one thousand tons are annually used by chewers; and about forty thousand tons of powdered tobacco are inhaled into the nose, to the detriment of nature's breathing apparatus, besides other injuries. The frightful total of all this is six hundred and twenty thousand tons a year!

OVER-EARNEST asseverations give men suspicion that the speaker is conscious of his own falsities.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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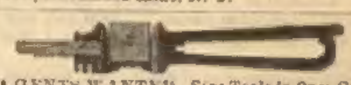

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The Fashion Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

Not very long ago, we mentioned having seen some very stylish sacques and wraps for autumn wear and later in the season—the description of which we deferred until the cold days of gray November warned us that heavier wraps were needed. We have had so mild and charming an autumn thus far, that very little has been desired in the way of lined sacques and cloaks of heavy cloth. Still, the days draw on apace when such garments must be worn, for protracted as may be the reign of the dreamy, gentle Indean summer, like all bright things it must end, and will doubtless be followed by sudden and extreme cold.

We noticed a deep sacque of the popular, but, alas! expensive matelasse fabric, cut half-tight fitting in the back but loose in the front; it was slashed up the back, directly in the middle seam, until it came within six inches of the waist. Large, square pockets were placed far back upon the sides, in fact, just across the side seam, and a smaller one high up on the left side in front, just where the small handkerchief pocket is placed in a man's or boy's overcoat. The sleeves were coat shape, but cut very loose. A deep border of silver fox fur trimmed the sacque around the bottom of the skirt, formed cuffs to the sleeves, and a curious little high round collar at the neck. Large crochet buttons fastened the front.

Another, of black basket-cloth, cut somewhat after the fashion of the English walking jacket, only much longer, and with large square pockets and cuffs, was trimmed with bands of Alaska sable and curiously carved black wooden buttons. A little aumoniere pocket made of the fur was worn with this jacket on the left side, fastened by a hook to the belt of dark pebble leather. We mentioned not long since how very popular such belts still were in Paris, and elsewhere across the water. The number of attachments for them is perfectly wonderful, and at times seems almost to be burdensome to the fair wearer.

Yet another sacque was of fine black ladies' cloth, lined and wadded, but first braided all over in a sort of arabesque pattern, interspersed here and there with a fine leaf, and completely studded with jet. This garment had wide flowing sleeves, dolman shape, lined with quilted Florentine silk. A heavy cord and tassels—flat, not round—combined with flat passamenterie ornaments of dull black twist and jet, was placed at the back, just below the standing collar, and similar ornaments of a smaller size were placed upon each sleeve. Deep yak lace finished the edge of the sacque, and also the sleeves.

Still another was of drab cloth, braided all over with soutache of a deep Havana brown. A heavy fringe of brown and drab silk twist and chenille edged the bottom.

Boas will no doubt be worn quite as much this winter as last, though we incline to think such anything else than healthy. They keep the throat so warm, that when taken off or loosened the sudden change of temperature induces sore-throat, quinsy, etc., and often leaves the larynx in a state of permanent irritation. Still people will not be warned, and no matter if death be the result, the fashion of the day must be adopted.

Seal furs take the pre-eminence nowadays beyond all other fancy furs, and are more within the reach of the purses belonging to ordinary mortals than they were formerly. Astrachan is *passes*, though sometimes one sees happy combinations of it with grebe, or the black and white Astrachan in stripes for muffs for small children and young misses, with a jaunty little tartan to complete the sett. Seal-skin sacques will be largely worn late in the season. Some we have seen have a ruching of feather trimming around them. This, to us, is always questionable taste. We strongly approve of the fitness of things, and to trim the sealskin coats at all seems unnecessary. There is a softness and richness of coloring about the deep brown that needs no ornament to enhance its beauty.

By late advices Scotch plaids are becoming quite popular. Costumes of velvet or velveteen, combined with these tartans in *fade* tints, are much admired—for instance, an underskirt of velvet, perfectly plain; an apron overdress of plainest material—a sort of silk and woolen goods mixed. The overdress is trimmed with folds of velvet, or else velvet ribbon two inches wide, in three rows, the last placed just at the bottom, and edged with a deep black silk fringe. The basque is of plaid, with coat sleeves having deep cuffs of velvet, and three buttons of velvet on each cuff. There is a cuirass of velvet very tight fitting, and simply piped on the edge with a silk cord, worn with this skirt, and a wide sash and two double loops of velvet just at the back. A flaring collar of velvet, lined with the plaid, finished the neck. This suit was for a young lady of about seventeen.

We saw the most exquisite toilette for reception or dinner wear. The underskirt was of navy blue faille. The front and side were trimmed with eight small flounces, set on in fine knife-edge pleats. The back breadths were perfectly plain, and long, laid in one immense triple box plait, held in place by tapes. An overdress of pale blue China crape, with a deep, soft fringe around it, was draped "shawl fashion"—*i. e.*, pointed in front, and drawn up to the waist, as it reached the back in upturned folds. The ends were tied in a large, careless knot, just below the waist, hanging from thence in long, pointed sashes, trimmed with the same fringe that surrounded the front.

The basque was of the navy blue faille — cuirass shape, and untrimmed save at the sleeve cuff, which had a fold of the China crape passed about it, and tied in a knot on the outer seam, with hanging ends edged with fringe.

A quaint little cape, coming high up about the neck, and crossing the bust in soft folds, was worn, of the China crape, also, pointed in the back, and edged all around with fringe. A ruff of the faille was placed above this cape and stood high about the throat. When worn as a carriage dress or for receptions, this charming toilette was completed by a hat of navy blue velvet with plumes of pale blue and a large bow of faille ribbon just at the back. The rim was upturned and lined with pale blue. Two pale pink half-open roses were placed to the left of the front.

A very pretty toilette for the promenade was of two shades of brown—Havana, and a shade so light as to border upon ecru. The underskirt was of the dark shade and trimmed with two deep flounces laid in kilt plaits. The upper skirt was a deep apron, and was striped with the light and dark shade, the dark in wide bands, the light in narrow lines. A deep bias of velvet edged it, of a shade to match the dark tint. The paletot was of the shape known as the Louis XV, longer in front than at the back, with a vest of the velvet, and a bias of the same edging it, and passing up the front on each side. It did not close excepting just at the bust, where the ruff that finished the neck ended, and a bow of velvet was placed. A hat of brown felt trimmed with velvet, and with a bird of changeable hues placed at the left side. Nearly all the hats have the flaring rim or halo front, and turn up in front.

Large bows of white tulle are worn in the evening over the bright neckties of India silk.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. GRAY.—Vigogne is a woolen stuff, and comes in all the neutral tints. It is much worn for the street, and equally so for the house.

ANXIOUS MAMMA—Don't fret over that which cannot be avoided. If your little girl will freckle, why, accept the fact with a good grace. It is a very common occurrence, and often as the child advances in years, they disappear.

NELLIE M.—The finger for the engagement ring is preferred by some to be the third finger of the right hand; by others the corresponding finger of the left hand. As that is the finger sacred to the wedding ring, we should prefer the right hand.

NINON.

DEAR TO US ALL.

BY M. OLIVER.

Oh, dear to us is the home of our youth,
The one spot of earth that loved us so well!
Whose greetings were heartfelt, whose teachings were truth,
Whose love—it excelleth what mortal can tell!
For we never could wander so far from the right,
We never could sink so deep in sin's thrall,
But the smile of that fireside would win with its light,
And redeem with its lore, still dear to us all!
Dear to us all!

Oh, dear to us all, a mother's pure kiss,
When we wakened in joy, with the first blush of day!
No rapture of manhood so thrilling as this;
No rainbow is fuller with heaven's purest ray!
Though we journey afar, in the world's bright domain,
And drink deep of joys we would gladly recall,
To the home of our childhood would we come once again,
And drink of that fount that is sweetest of all!
Dear to us all!

A NARROW ESCAPE.

THE PERILS OF CALIFORNIA MINERS.

BY FRANK HOLLIS.

It is unnecessary to say just what year Joe Payson and myself left our happy New England homes for the Eldorado of the West, California.

We were both young—not having reached our majority, but we were both determined and resolute in our purpose.

The great golden bauble had encircled us in its grasp, and in fancy we could see the shining lucre cropping out from every rock and hillside, in all that golden land.

We took passage in the good ship "Flying Cloud," and considered our luck already favorable when we sailed through the Golden Gates in seventy-six days from New York—the quickest passage ever recorded between the two ports.

We had never been outside of the place of our birth before, and were totally unacquainted with the ways of the world in general, so that, when we stepped on shore in San Francisco, with but very little money in our pockets, we felt somewhat like stray sheep who had lost their pasture.

"We have come here for gold," I said to Joe, when I perceived that he was indulging in a fit of homesickness. "We must lose no time in reaching the mines, for our funds will not hold out long here."

After many delays and difficulties we reached Sacramento, and from that point we started out on foot, with our blankets and provisions strapped to our backs, in search of the mines, where we felt sure a fortune awaited us.

For several days we continued to travel, when, I think it was the fourth day, just at sunset, we espied a cluster of miners' tents and cabins, and soon we learned that the place was called Grass Valley, in Nevada county.

Gambling and drinking saloons were in full blast, and the appearance of the persons we met did not give us a favorable opinion of a miner's life. The camp of those days was a great contrast to the beautiful little town that stands now, encircled with its boundless hills, where we squatted years ago.

With the direction of old miners, we staked off a piece of ground and commenced to "prospect" for the "color," as the glittering particles of gold were called.

Everything being satisfactory, we soon set up a "shanty" for ourselves, and commenced business in partnership. We took turns at cooking our "grub," and did our washing on Sundays, as was customary with miners.

At the close of each day's work, we would deposit our gold in an yeast powder box, and hide it in the fireplace. Our claim was yielding exceedingly good returns for our labors, and we had already filled five boxes with the precious dust.

We concluded that when we filled our twentieth box we would make a flying visit to our old homes, and invest our money in snug little farms. Our minds were crowded with visions of the old familiar faces, the warm welcome and many God bless you's (especially when we showed our dust) that would greet us on our return to the East.

Time wore on, and we had filled our eighteenth box, when, to our surprise, our claim "gave out," or to be more explicit, our claim ceased to pay—the vein had run out.

Of course, we had to go a prospecting for other paying ground, and it was determined between us that we should prospect for more extensive mines, by trying the hills.

For several weeks we wandered about, sinking shafts, but without success, until one day Joe and myself became separated, and I was so intent on striking a lead that day, that time passed more rapidly than I was aware of, so that when the sun went down I found myself some five miles from camp, and felt sure that darkness would overtake me before I could reach a clearing, as I was enveloped in thick brush and woods.

I had proceeded some three miles, when it grew so dark that I could scarcely distinguish the trail, and, as I plodded along, feeling with both hands—for I had dropped my tools, with the intention of returning for them in the morning—I suddenly felt the earth giving away beneath my feet, and before I could make a move to save myself, I was precipitated into the bowels of the earth, some forty feet from the surface. I had fallen down a deserted shaft!

How long I had been there, it was impossible for me to determine, when I recovered my consciousness.

I looked up, and saw that it was daylight above me, and my limbs were aching from the bruises inflicted on them, and I could not see any possible hope to escape death.

The fact was very evident to me that the place where I was confined would not be searched by my partner when he found me missing, as it was in an unfrequented spot near the Rough and Ready ridge.

Of one thing I was indeed fortunate. I had provided myself in the morning with a canteen of water and a supply of bread and bacon, and it so happened that I had not felt hungry during the day.

This much I had to keep me from starvation and thirst, and I could make it last several days, with considerate allowance.

I knew that it would be useless for me to make a noise, or hope to attract the attention of any human being to my perilous situation, and I gave myself up to the mercy of a Divine Providence.

Six days and nights I was a prisoner in the bowels of the earth. I had not heard a human voice—I had been without food or water for three long days and nights! Oh, how I suffered in mind and body, for I was completely exhausted, and all hope had vanished!

The morning of the seventh day found me unable to lift my hand to my head, and I had composed myself to the fate that awaited me when I was startled by what I conceived to be human voices above.

For a moment all was still again, and then a sound greeted my ears that made my quivering frame bound with hope. I tried to raise my body in order to make my feeble voice heard, but I fell back in weakness and could not stand on my feet. I endeavored to shout, but my voice was almost gone, and I summoned all of my remaining strength for a last effort.

Thank God for that strength. It was heard above, and the quick response came down to me that I would be saved!

It turned out that I was not the only one whose life hung by a single thread. Poor Joe had been charged with my murder—he had been tried by a miners' tribunal, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on the very morning that I was discovered in the shaft. The evidence rested on the fact that Joe and myself were seen together near the ridge on the day of my disappearance, and it was deemed circumstantial.

As soon as I was extricated by the prospectors who had discovered me so accidentally, I was conveyed to a place near the camp, where a large crowd had collected.

A rope had been thrown across the limb of a large pine tree, and in half an hour, had I not been discovered, Joe's body would have been dangling at the end of that rope.

It was a month before I recovered my strength, and then Joe and myself embarked for San Francisco, and we waved farewell to the perils of gold mining in California.

THE LATEST THING IN GHOSTS.

BY CHESTER LINCOLN.

As I was sitting in my study the other morning, I received a visit from my friend Simpkins, who entered the room hastily, with some papers in his hand.

"I've written a ghost story," said he, "and I want your opinion on it."

"All right; I will devote an hour to you. I can't afford you any more time than that, so hand me that tobacco near you, and produce your spirit." And I filled my pipe, and assumed the critic.

"The sun had set some two hours," began Simpkins, "and dark night was——"

"One moment," I interrupted; "is it a tale of past or present times?"

"Present," answered Simpkins.

"Rather an old-fashioned beginning," I observed. "However, fire away."

"The sun had set some two hours," resumed Simpkins, firing away, as directed, "and dark night was gradually extending her reign over field and fell, when a traveler might be perceived making his way, as well as the darkness would permit, through one of those immense German forests, the haunt of the wild boar and the wolf."

"What on earth was he doing there?" I asked.

"He had lost his way, of course," replied Simpkins.

"So I suppose," I said. "Travelers always do in ghost stories. But is this a tale of the present time; pardon my inquiring where his baggage is?"

"He left it in the carriage," answered Simpkins.

"Which had been overturned, and our traveler wished to get to the nearest town on foot. Is not that it?"

"Of course," said Simpkins, with some irritation.

"And in order to reach the nearest town he turns into the nearest forest."

"He thought he would take a short cut across the country," explained Simpkins.

"And after walking some distance he comes to an old castle, eh?"

"Well!" said our author, sulkily.

"And, finding it uninhabited, he wraps his ample cloak around him, and goes to sleep in a corner, does he not?"

"Yes," said Simpkins, something surprised.

"But he is aroused from his sleep by the clanking of chains, and, on raising his head, perceives a figure standing in the doorway."

"Why, confound it!" said Simpkins, starting up indignantly, "you must have seen my manuscript."

"Which figure," I continued, "raises its manacled arms above its head, and, clanking its chains together, utters a frightful cry. My dear fellow, this will not do, you know; it won't, indeed. This kind of spectre doth not suit the time. Modern readers must have modern ghosts.

"Who is safe for an hour, if he is liable to have these antiquated ghosts let loose upon him at any turn of a page? Progress," as I said to Simpkins, who, without even wishing me good morning, progressed to the door, and banged it after him, "progress is the word for ghost stories, as well as for everything else in these days, and since the ghosts of which the above is a specimen, the spirits have made immense progress. Ruined castles have given place to railroad depots; trackless forests to the streets of cities; and ghosts in armor are as much out of fashion as mail-coaches."

Time and custom have so changed not only the dress but the manners of the spirits, that to say So-and-So's ghost walks, would be no more strictly true than it is to say that the Pennsylvania *sailed* on such a day. Such expressions are merely the relics of past customs, and that is all. Ships go by steam nowadays, and so do ghosts.

Time was, too, when the boldest ghost that walked would shrink in haste away at the crowing of a cock; but now the spirits care no more for a cock than they do for a cart-horse. All the cocks in the universe might crow themselves hoarse before a modern ghost would budge an inch.

Does our modern ghost do so? Not he—or she. To save trouble about the sex—not it. It has been known to drive to a railroad depot, take a ticket, get into the cars, arrange (if a female) its crinoline (oh! shade of Hamlet's father! a ghost in crinoline!), converse fluently with its next neighbor, and even shake hands affectionately at parting. Now that is a guest of the very newest style.

Still it must be confessed that a story of this kind has its disadvantages. Ghosts are no exceptions to the truth of the old proverb, "familiarity breeds contempt."

To frighten your reader is the great aim and end of a ghost tale, and such a ghost as this would never in this world frighten anybody.

All you have to do is to imagine some very unlikely position for a ghost to be in, and to put him into it. For instance, a ghost in a balloon, or a ghost under water, or a ghost shaving himself would, if I mistake not, be all of them new. Here, now, is the skeleton of a ghost-story, which I flatter myself is entirely original:

Mr. S.—(initials, of course. For some reason or other initials may do things that names may not. The public allow Mr. S. to have seen and done things, which, if assigned to Mr. Smith, they would reject with scorn)—Mr. S. and his wife are staying at the fashionable summer resort of C. M., where one morning Mr. S. receives a letter from his friend B., requesting him to come, without losing a moment, to L., where B. is lying ill.

In due course, S. appears at B.'s house and witnesses the will, or whatever it may be, for which he was wanted. While he is at dinner the servant brings him a telegraphic message. It is from Mrs. S.—"Return at once. I have fallen down the hotel stairs." S, is in great agitation—returns by the night-train. When he reaches his house, M., the girl, opens the door for him.

"Oh, is that you, sir? Poor Mrs. S. has fallen down stairs."

"Well, I know that," cries S.; "how is she?"

"Lor, sir," replies M., "she's been dead ever since."

"Dead!" gasps S.; "why did you not say so when you telegraphed?"

"I never sent no telegraph," says M., weeping.

"Oh, no, I forgot. My wife sent the message, of course. She lived long enough to do that, did she?" asks the much agitated S.

"Missis never sent no telegraph, I'm sure," replies M. "She never stirred afterwards."

"This is most extraordinary," says S. "But where is she? Let me see her."

He finds that there is a fearful cut on his wife's temple, and that the left arm is broken. When his agitation will allow him, he again thinks of the mysterious telegram, and as every one in the house denies that any telegram was sent by them, and as every one asserts that it was impossible that Mrs. S. could have sent it, the perplexed widower goes to the telegraph office.

"Do you remember who sent this telegram, and at what time?" he asks the clerk.

The reply is:

"Yes, I remember it distinctly. It will be a long time before I forget it. The message was sent just at the very time that that unhappy accident happened at the hotel, and the person who sent the message was a deadly-pale lady, with a fearful cut on her temple, and whose left arm hung by her side as if broken."

S., with a fearful shudder, rushes from the office. There can be no doubt about it. Mrs. S.'s ghost sent the telegram!

There! I consider that I have capped the ghost in the railroad car now. My ghost tale is positively the last out. The only merits that I claim for it, however, are, that it is short, which, I take it, is one of the greatest merits that a ghost story can have, and it shows progress—the latest improvement in ghosts being their traveling by rail; my ghost goes a step farther, and telegraphs.

MAPLE LEAVES.

Turning brown, turning golden—falling gently to earth with every breath of autumn air—dying your autumn death, as the old man dies when the autumn of human life is reached. The frost has withered you, and the soft flakes will cover you over and blacken your golden tints, and the heel of man will grind your dust into the earth.

Clinging to life, nestling yet closer to twig and branch as you feel the frosty touch, you cannot stay the season's march. The strong wind will seek you out, every one, and you must fall to earth, and be forgotten, just as the bravest and best are laid away to moulder out of recollection. Through the busy streets, along the winding path of the country wood, over the brown, bleak meadows robbed of green, the gale will scatter you afar, until some eddying gust mercifully whirls you into a corner for the slumber of decay.

Oh! leaves, brown leaves, and golden, falling and dying, you are true emblems of human life. Fading, even as we grow old, clinging as we clutch to life, though it be full of heartaches, falling as we fall when life is no more, and the grave is ready to keep guard over our long, last sleep. We shall soon forget you, and will look at the leafless branches, moaning and tossing in the gale with no more than a single thought that you lived a brief life. The bravest of to-day are the unremembered dead of to-morrow.

THERE are few who at once have thought and the capacity of action. Thought expands, but lames; action animates, but narrows.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed to answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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TERMS for 1875, POSTAGE PREPAID TO ANY ADDRESS: SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS, one copy, four months, $1.00; six months, $1.50; one year, $3.00. CLUBS—*Four* copies, one year, postpaid, for $10.00, which is $2.50 per copy. *Eight* copies, one year for $20.00, and an additional copy free to any one remitting that amount at one time. Additions may be made to Clubs at same rates, viz: $2.50 each.

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CONTRIBUTORS' BUREAU.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

REJECTED DECLINED.—Love's Logic. If. Bois Guilbert. "Deem not, beloved." Drawing Nigh. Nil Desperandum. Hallow-E'en. A Trapper's Story. The Good-Bye.

PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The FASHION EDITRESS will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

*** BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, and now in force, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, on payment in postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

J. B.—Any bookseller will get the numbers of the POST bound for you as cheap as we could get it done for you, and you would be saved the expense of the freight both ways.

BESSIE G.—Many thanks for your kind opinions. No exertions on our part shall be spared to maintain it. We receive so many laudatory communications similar to yours, that it is impossible for us to publish or even reply to them all in this department.

ZOLLICOFFER.—"Would you advise a young lawyer to study stenography, phonography or abridged hand?" By all means; he will find a knowledge of short-hand writing of the greatest advantage to him in his profession in taking notes of testimony, opinions, etc.

A VOTER.—"What is the total amount of the national debt at the present time? I have not the means of finding out myself or I would not trouble you." By the last national debt statement, issued on Nov. 1st, 1875, the total of the debt on that date was $2,380,957,107.08.

U. I. M.—There are many books published on the subject of etiquette, and at different prices, that it would be a very invidious task for us to say which was the best of them all. You had better tell your bookseller what kind of a book you want and he will procure it for you.

G. M. O.—In the Scotch Courts, the verdict "Not Proven" means that the evidence on the trial was not sufficient to convict. Under it a prisoner may be tried again for the same offence, which he could not after the verdict of "Not Guilty," which, according to our law, is absolute.

E. A. J.—In visiting a place of amusement, the gentleman should precede the lady on entering, as it is his duty to select seats; or, if he has secured seats, to hand his checks to the usher. 2. It depends upon whether you have been long acquainted with the gentleman, and whether your friends approve of your accompanying him.

E. C.—We should think that you, with your knowledge of the gentleman's tastes, need and disposition, would be better able to decide what would be the most acceptable Christmas present you could make him, than we could for you. We might suggest, among other articles, a dressing-gown, studs, sleeve-buttons, gloves, handkerchiefs, pocket-books, etc.

T. W. B.—We have answered the same question more than once, of late. As both your parents are Americans, the fact of your having been born in England does not alter your nationality. Did you never hear the Irishman's query, (which, by the way, comes very *pat* to your case,) "Shure, an' if I was born in a stable, would I be a horse?"

JACK HORNER.—You say that you are very anxious to become acquainted with a certain young lady, but not knowing any of her friends, how is it possible to get introduced to her? Your best way is to make it your business to get acquainted with some friend of hers who will introduce you. If you have not force or energy enough for that, you do not deserve her.

J. P. M. (Chillicothe).—"The column of Answers to Correspondents has frequently attracted my attention, and I find it very agreeable and instructive reading. May I trouble you to settle a dispute as to the meaning of the words, 'De gustibus non est disputandum.' It is something about taste, I know, but just what it is I don't know." It means "There is no disputing about tastes."

A. W. W.—We highly commend your good sense and wisdom in refusing to accept the company of the young man, and hope you will be firm in your purpose. Do not, on any account, allow yourself to be persuaded or wheedled into doing what your heart rebels against. His being addicted to drinking is quite sufficient reason of itself. 2. Your writing is very fair, but there are a few errors in spelling which you should have guarded against.

DISTRESSED MAIDEN.—We would strongly advise you, at your age, by all means, to give way to your father's wishes in the matter. Rest assured that he has only your welfare and happiness in view, and may, perhaps, have some very good reasons that you know nothing of for his objections to the young man. At your respective ages, there is ample time before you; and if there is any real affection existing between you, it will be like good wine, "improved by keeping."

INQUIRER.—The time you would spend in learning phonography would never be time lost, we assure you, no matter what may be the profession you may follow, by-and-by, when you have completed your studies. It will always be a most valuable accomplishment to you, both in the few years you say you have got to finish your education in taking down any lectures, for instance, you might be attending, and afterwards in the practice of any business whatsoever, in which is involved the use of a pen.

W. B. N.—You want to know how you can convert English money into ours, so that when you pay your proposed visit to the old country you will not be taken in. Here is a list of all the different coins in circulation in England, with their values in our money. Of copper coins, are the farthing (half cent), half penny (one cent), and penny (two cents). In silver are the three-penny piece (six cents), four-penny piece (eight cents), sixpence (twelve cents), shilling (twenty-four cents), florin (forty-eight cents), half-crown (sixty cents), and crown ($1.20). In gold the half-sovereign ($2.50) and the sovereign ($5.00.)

TYRELL.—All original enigmas, etc., for our "Sphinx" column must be accompanied by the propounder's own solutions, otherwise we cannot make any use of them. We are very much gratified to hear that this department is so popular among your friends, and that it affords them all so much pleasure in exercising their talent and ingenuity. These enigmas, charades, anagrams, etc., afford a highly instructive as well as amusing exercise, and it is our constant endeavor to render this column as curious and as various as possible. We thank you for your contributions, and have already availed ourselves of them, as you may have seen in last week's number.

HETTIE S. (Devlew, Ark.)—The best means of dyeing dried leaves, flowers and grasses, is simply to dip them into the spirituous liquid solution of the various compounds of aniline. Some of these have a beautiful rose shade, others red, blue, orange and purple. The depth of color can be regulated by diluting, if necessary, the original dyes with methyal or spirit down to the shade desired. When taken out of the dye they should be exposed to the air to dry off the spirit. Then they require arranging, or setting in form, as, when wet, the petals and fine filaments have a tendency to cling together, which should not be.

B. B.—"How would you set about gaining a young lady's affections? and having gained them, what is the most proper mode of popping the question?" Really and truly, we cannot tell, not knowing the lady, and it is not very likely we could tell if we did know her. One thing we might suggest as a capital way of opening the campaign, and one which we know has proved effectual in similar cases, and that is for you to subscribe for the POST to be sent to her regularly. As to a "proper mode" of popping the question, there is no such thing. It will pop itself in its own way when the right time comes.

H. H.—In last week's number you will find some instructions how to make use of the beautiful autumn leaves in the construction of various simple ornaments. We cannot give you any more detailed information, but may suggest in addition to the articles we before mentioned, others, such as harps, anchors, crosses cut from pasteboard, and covered with leaves of crimson and russet, and brown and gold, hanging on the walls. Cornices may be made of them; they may be tastefully arranged upon and glued to the window panes, so as to give the effect in the room of stained glass; or they may be arranged in bouquets and placed in vases on brackets.

J. F. S.—It was not until the close of the last century that the torture of criminals was generally abolished in Europe. Joseph II. abolished torture in Germany in 1776, and his example was soon followed by his brother Leopold in Italy. In France torture was abolished in 1780. The practice of torture continued in Scotland till the revolution of 1688, and was only made illegal by the Act of Union in 1708. The infliction of barbarous criminal punishments continued in England till a later period. So late as 1789 there is an instance of a woman burnt in the heart of the city of London. Branding in the brawn of the thumb continued till 1789. The criminal was a French prisoner of war, who had been convicted of manslaughter.

E. B. (St. Paul, Minn.)—You are quite right to ask the meaning of any phrase, or, in fact, anything at all which you do not understand, and you need not be at all afraid of "exhausting our patience." Our patience is, we are glad to say, very elastic, and so long as the queries of our correspondents are within the bounds of reason and propriety, they need not be under any alarm as to taxing it. The phrase we used and which puzzled you, "Bete noire" is French, and literally translated, means "black beast." It is used metaphorically, or figuratively, to express something unpleasant or disagreeable, so now you will understand what we meant when we said that the so oft-repeated signature "An Old Subscriber," or the like, was our "bete noire."

CONSTANCY writes "I have been acquainted with a young lady for about two years. I love her, and I think she loves me. I am eighteen years of age and she is sixteen. Do you think we are too young to form an engagement? also, are we old enough to carry on a correspondence by letters?" This is rather a delicate question for us to answer. There can be no harm in the close friendship at this age, but it is rather too young, in our opinion, to form a serious engagement. We presume you have the consent of the young lady's parents to your visits. Conducted with propriety and moderation, the acquaintance of a respectable young lady is of advantage to a young man, and contributes to the formation of a steadiness of character that bears good fruit in the future.

W. F. J. (Andrew).—We know no more than you do who the lady was; we believe she was only a fictitious character. 2. The term "loafer," as applied to a lazy vagabond is generally considered an *Americanism*, but Loper or Loafer was in general use as a cant term in the early part of the last century in Europe. "Landloper" was a vagabond who begged in the attire of a sailor; and the sea-phrase "Landlubber" was doubtless synonymous. 3. Yes, Longfellow is the author of the poem entitled "Hiawatha." 4. Estimating the superficies of our globe at somewhat less than 200,000,000 square miles, only about one-fourth (50,000,000) consists of land, divided in the following proportions: Asia, 20,000,000; Africa, 12,000,000; America, 11,000,000; Europe, 4,000,000, and Australasia, 3,000,000. 5. The name you refer to was not his own name, but one given to the General in question during the war. 6. We shall reply to your last question at length next week.

O. M. S.—"Being one of your oldest subscribers, and a staunch admirer of the POST, I apply to you for advice under the following circumstances. I have been engaged to a young man for some time past, and for some reason, which he would not tell me, he wished me to consent to a secret marriage with him. I told him that I would on no account consent, as I knew my parents would be very seriously displeased; but that I was sure they would have no objections whatever to our being married publicly. Since then he has never been to see me, nor has he written me a line. I met him once, and he only bowed to me. I have written him, but received no reply. Please advise me what to do." You should consider yourself very fortunate, indeed, in having escaped from a man who could treat you in such a manner. He had, you may depend upon it, some bad motive in what he asked, or he would not have shrunk from a public marriage when your parents were agreeable to one. You should cast him from your mind forever.

MAUD.—We are really astonished that a young lady of your evident good taste, and more than ordinary intelligence, should be so foolish as to take to heart, so very deeply, the treacherous conduct of the gentleman to whom you were engaged, but who has broken off the engagement without any reason whatsoever. You should thank Heaven that he ceased to love you before the wedding-day; now you need only suffer for a while, if at all, but then your whole future life would have been weariness and misery. The greatest cause of joy and thankfulness a woman can have, is the thought that she has escaped a loveless marriage. As to thinking that you will never be able to get over this blow, and love another, that is all sheer nonsense, and you will ere very long yourself wonder at having been so simple as to believe any such thing! Just as the new shoots will spring next year, from the old geranium you have just now pruned to the ground, so will fresh hopes spring from the apparent dead joys of your life, and you will meet some one more worthy of your love.

A. F. S.—We owe you an apology for the delay, but your letter, being laid aside for further reference, got mislaid. We will make amends, however, by giving you a full answer to your question. The rose, the emblem of England, dates from the time of the wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, the white rose distinguishing the first, and the red rose the latter. They were united by the marriage of Henry VII. to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV. The shamrock was introduced to the Irish by St. Patrick as a simile of the Trinity; and, in order to make them understand his meaning of uniting three into one, he showed them a piece of trefoil. The thistle is the emblem of the "Order of the Thistle of Scotland," founded by James V., in 1540. It consisted originally of himself and twelve knights, in imitation of Christ and his twelve apostles. After the death of James it was discontinued, but renewed by James VII. of Scotland and II. of England, in May, 1687. It then consisted of eight knights. Queen Anne increased the number to twelve, and George IV. to sixteen.

MISCELLANEOUS.—H. C. M. (Phila.)—Do nothing at all, just have patience, and it will all come right in the end. V. I. M.—We must refuse publishing "the signs of handkerchief flirtations," because we totally disapprove of such stuff. SUBSCRIBER.—It is impossible for us to answer your question. GERMAN.—We will send you a book, such as you want, upon receipt of $1.50, one that we can recommend for self-instruction. J. L. ARCHER, (Tenn.)—We have never heard of a writer of the name you mention, nor can we find out anything about him. J. N. O.—The use of the old fashioned wafer is out of fashion, but you can get them through any bookstore, we imagine. If not, we can get some for you. NEKA MAUD.—It all depends upon the degree of intimacy existing between the parties. 2. No, it is not necessary for her to be in the parlor exactly. She should be at home, however. C. M.—It would be very foolish of you to fall in love with a young man who is already engaged, or as good as engaged. You will only be laying in a store of unhappiness for yourself. R. M. P.—We have given a reply to a similar question in a recent number. B. M.—You must get some mutual friend to introduce you. LILY.—Treat him in a similar style, and if he asks for a reason for your coolness, give him the true one. X. Y. Z.—Let nature have her own way, and your moustache will come in time. The nostrums you speak of are of no value. ROSIE.—We don't see anything to be ashamed of in your writing. It is a large hand, it is true, but that is easily remedied. R. H. S.—Are you not rather conceited to say that the young lady is "running after you?" KATE.—It is properly the province of the gentleman to take the initiative in making presents, but when the parties are engaged the lady may do so without any impropriety. D. H.—Perhaps you are jealous without cause. He may be ill, and unable to write. Have you made any inquiries?

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*